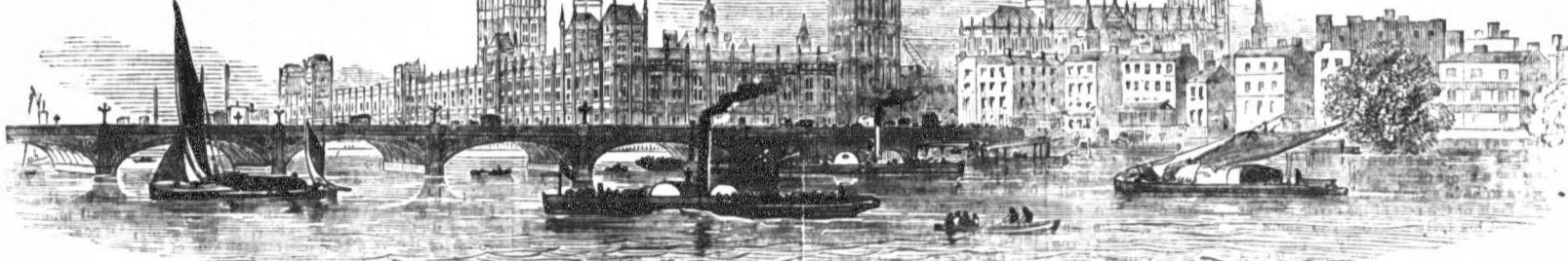


John Dicks 3/3 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1865.

ONE PENNY.

THE FRENCH IMPERIAL FEVE.

THE Emperor's fete, on Tuesday week, turned out a dreadful failure, rain having commenced about four in the afternoon and lasted more or less heavily until eight at night. The basin opposite the Palace formed the centre of splendid decorations, consisting of lofty pillars of coloured lamps of various hues, the whole united together by long festoons of small white globes which would look like pearls at night. The imperial crown and letter N figured alternately on each column, the former in gold-coloured lamps, and the latter in crimson, the underground being green. From the palace to the fountain and along the avenues at each side were erected long lines of poles covered with lamps in the style of the rich arcades, but with the addition of Chinese lanterns of various colours, moving freely in the wind. Down the long avenue to the Place de la Concorde were placed lofty flagstaffs, each bearing a tricolor, and adorned below with the imperial crown in gold and the N in green, relieved by other lamps, white, yellow, and red. In the Place itself the fountains were surrounded with flowering

shrubs on which the waters played. Between them and the Obelisk were erected two poles of immense height, bearing tricoloured flags of great dimensions and magnificently embroidered in gold. The Obelisk itself presented a very curious appearance. The pedestal was transformed into a sort of Assyrian garden, with steps of granite leading up on each of the four sides. Palms and other eastern plants were growing there, with immense flower-stands at the corners, bearing clusters of white and crimson globes, which when lit up at night ought to produce a most splendid effect. All round the pillar itself a network of gas pipes was arranged so as to enable the Obelisk to be transformed at a given moment into a column of fire; the four sides of the immense monolith would then display dazzling palm leaves supporting the imperial initials, and formed of nearly 50,000 jets of flame. The clusters of white and crimson lamps below were in unison with long lines of similar ornamentation which went round the whole place, and up the long avenue of the Champs-Elysées as far as the eye could reach. The triumphal arch at the end was at night to be surmounted with a crown of electric light running along the whole front. Each of the bronze lamp-

posts on the Place de la Concorde, along the great avenue of the Champs-Elysées, and at the Rond Point, the number of which has been recently doubled, was surmounted by a cast-iron vase from which was to issue a bouquet of blue and red spherical lights, while the posts were united by garlands formed of ground glass globes, the number of which was not less than 34,000. Elegant curves of fire would thus at night mark the outline of the different parterres of the Place, and each side of the long avenue. The two fountains of the Place, as well as the smaller ones of the Champs-Elysées, were to be illuminated in the same manner. More than 20,000 jets of great power were to be thus employed. As may be seen, a radical change was intended in the illuminations, which formerly merely consisted of coloured oil lamps on timber frames made to resemble trees and porticos of different dimensions. There were also erected at the entrance to the garden of the Tuilleries, from the Place de la Concorde, two lofty decorative columns, arranged with 40,000 variegated lamps.

During the morning there was a grand review of troops in the Champs de Mars, an engraving of which we give below.



THE PARIS FETES—REVIEW IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday evening a fatal accident took place at Greenfield Station, which is situated on the London and North-Western Company's line, about midway between Manchester and Huddersfield. A porter named Thomas Davison, about twenty-eight years of age, was on duty as the train which leaves Leeds at five minutes past four arrived at the station at ten minutes past six o'clock. The train which meets it from Oldham had also arrived shortly before, and those passengers who were proceeding in the direction of Manchester had to walk from the shed where the Oldham branch terminates to the station, a distance of over 200 yards, in order to reach the Manchester train. It appears that two passengers who had come by the Oldham line had not taken their places when the train began to move off, but one of them succeeded in obtaining a seat in a second-class carriage about the fifth or sixth from the end of the train. The other person was attempting to follow his companion when the porter Davison, seeing the danger to which he was exposing himself in attempting to get into a carriage after the train had started, and when it had acquired considerable speed, prevented him from entering, and closed the door. The passenger, however, persisted in his attempt after the door was shut, and the porter was thrown down between the edge of the platform and the carriage. He was caught by the footboard, and dragged or rolled along for a short distance, and the end of the following carriage appears to have struck him, so that he was flung across the rail. The wheels of the rest of the carriages then passed over him, and nearly cut his body in two. The spine was severed, and he was killed almost instantaneously. The corpse was removed to the Railway Hotel, close to the station. The deceased was unmarried, and had only been at the Greenfield Station three weeks, his native place being Stafford.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. John Humphreys, Middlesex coroner, held an inquiry at the Caledonian Tavern, Stoke Newington-road, into the circumstances of the suicide of Miss Mary Ann Fryar aged twenty years, who shot herself with a revolver. Mr. Frank Stanard, 7, Somersford-grove, Stoke Newington, was examined, and said he was a Custom House agent. The deceased, who had lived with him as housekeeper and as wife, was on a visit to him at the time of her death. They had some words. She called him a liar, and he said, "The lie is on your side." Remarking that he should never say that again, she rushed out of the room; and, snatching up a loaded revolver which was in another apartment, shot herself through the head. After some further evidence, the jury found that "Deceased had destroyed herself while in an unsound state of mind."

On Friday night week a fire broke out in an extensive range of workshops and warehouses belonging to Mr. John Pont, upholsterer, High street, Canterbury. Some time elapsed before the fire-engines reached the spot and got into play, and when they did so, owing to the difficulty of getting at the seat of the fire, the efforts to check its ravages were unavailing till past midnight. From Mr. Pont's workshop the fire gradually extended to the shop fronting High-street, those of Mr. Abrahams, glass and china dealer, Messrs. Colcock, confectioners, Mr. Pont, Mr. Easter, music seller, and the South-Eastern telegraph office being successively destroyed. The millinery and show-rooms of Messrs. Higham and Hunt were also destroyed, and it was only by breaking down the connexion and the most energetic efforts of the firemen that the flames were prevented from extending to their extensive premises in Mercury-lane. Between eleven and twelve o'clock a number of soldiers began to pull down the *Kent Herald* office the only proceeding which appeared to offer to prevent the fire extending to the Guildhall Hotel, the theatre, and the Canterbury Museum. This gave the firemen a better command of the flames, which were then raging in the rear of the shop of Mr. Easter, and Mr. Harvey, chemist, and the hose of several engines were brought to bear. It was not, however, until three o'clock on Saturday morning that the fire could be said to be effectually checked. Of six shops and workshops fronting High-street, only a solitary stack of chimneys remain standing. Of Mr. Harvey's premises only a skeleton remains, and the *Kent Herald* office, though it escaped the fire, is a ruin, the upper story having been pulled down, as above stated. Nothing is known of the cause of the fire. The damage done is estimated at from £14,000 to £16,000.

On Monday Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, one of the justices of the peace for the Wokingham division of Berkshire, was occupied for a considerable time in hearing a charge brought against James William Dean, seventeen years of age, of having unlawfully and maliciously placed an iron rail on the South-Eastern railway, with intent thereto to endanger the safety of the passengers thereon on Sunday, the 18th inst. Mr. Porter (from the office of Mr. Freeland, solicitor to the South-Eastern Railway Company) attended to prosecute, and Mr. Soames, solicitor of Wokingham, watched the case on behalf of the accused. The proceedings created much excitement in the place, and a large number of persons collected opposite the court-house. The prisoner is a native of a village in the neighbourhood, and for several years had been absent at sea; a few months ago, however, he returned to the locality, and has since led an idle life. From the evidence of two little boys who were in company with the accused at the time in question, and who were taken into custody but liberated, it seemed that the three lads were about the neighbourhood together on the afternoon of Sunday week, and Dean treated the two boys to some rum and ale, and they became partly intoxicated. In this state they walked through some fields to the top of the cutting between the Embrook and Touley railway bridges, and here Dean took the youngest boy down the embankment to the line, and rolled a 8t. rail from a stack of rails to the down line, lodging the end of it upon one of the metals, this position being more dangerous than if it had been placed directly across the line. Dean heard a train approaching and ran up the bank, but the eldest of his companions said he would run and tell his father if the rail was left upon the metals. Dean then went on the line and removed the rail. A train, which the boys believed to be a luggage train, passed along the line, and after it was out of sight Dean went on to the line, and again lodged the end of the rail on the down metals. He left it there, went up the embankment, and the three lads then ran away. The driver of the 7.30 p.m. train from Reading fortunately observed the rail on the line, and it was removed before the next train came up, for a frightful accident must otherwise have occurred. Dean admitted that he was on the line at the time, but told Superintendent Millard (Berkshire magistracy) he did not put the rail on. Mr. Soames addressed the magistrates, after which the accused, who, by Mr. Soames' advice, declined to say anything in his defence, was fully committed for trial at the next Berkshire Assizes.

The closing proceedings of the West London Industrial Exhibition commenced on Monday at half-past seven o'clock with a concert, the music performed at which was selected by the committee of the exhibition. The report—prepared by Mr. R. M. Mornell, of Great Portland-street—was read by a clergyman, with a good, pronouncing voice. The committee had to regret that the receipts did not equal their expenditure—although as regarded the number, variety, and excellence of the articles exhibited, the exhibition has been a decided success. The idea of the exhibition emanated from the Working Men's Club of All Souls' district, Marylebone. But its bounds were extended, and it became an exhibition for the borough of Marylebone, and subsequently for the borough of West London. As the scheme developed itself, the originally intended school-room being insufficient, the Colosseum, the London Crystal Palace, the Polytechnic, &c., were proposed as

places where it should be held. At one time the committee thought of erecting a special building on the site of the late Portman barracks, but were prevented by the Board of Works. At last the Floral Hall was rented from Mr. Gye, subject to stringent regulations required by his lease from the Bedford estate. They had hoped to reap large profits from musical performances, but these were after a time prohibited. The high price required to be charged by Mr. Gye at the outset was also a hindrance. When the price was lowered the attendance largely increased. Complaints were made by some neighbours of the inconvenience of the musical performances, and the agent of the estate required that they should be stopped. Two of the leading hotel proprietors, however, in the close vicinity—viz., those of the Tavistock and Bedford Hotels—were in favour of them. Messrs. Bevington and Sons had erected a fine organ in the hall, and given the gratuitous use of it to the committee, for which they gave their best thanks. The committee appealed to the Duke of Bedford to modify the terms of Mr. Gye's lease, but his grace was too unwell to treat with them. The result is that pecuniarily the exhibition has not been successful, and the guarantors will have to be applied to.

FRIGHTFUL MURDERS IN AMERICA.

The *Hartford Times* gives the following account of a dreadful tragedy which was perpetrated at Oakland, near Manchester, Connecticut, on the night of the 31st of July, the victims being a woman named Starkweather and her daughter Ella (aged fourteen years):—"The mother's face was cut in two with a powerful blow from the axe, which divided the nose crosswise, and cut open the face entirely across, cracking through the bones of the upper jaw and cheeks. Over the right eye was another gash from the axe, sinking through the skull and into the brain; and there was another which cut open the side and back of the head, and also a great gash near the right temple. Besides these wounds there were others made by a butcher's knife—one through the lower part of the chin, the blade penetrating deep into the throat, one deep into the right breast, and another deep one in the left breast. Ella, the daughter, presented a still more shocking sight. Her right eye was entirely gone. The axe had cut a terrible gash across the brow, eye, and cheek, evidently at one blow, letting out all of the eye, breaking in the skull, and cleaving down to the cheek bone. Above the right eye, near the top of the forehead, was another fearful gash from the axe, sinking into the brain; and she was stabbed through the bosom with the butcher's knife. The first information of the murders was given by the son, Albert Starkweather, at four o'clock. He came to Mr. H. White's, a neighbour, rattling or rather falling heavily against the back door, and arousing the inmates with this call: 'Get up! get up! come over to our house! I don't know but our folks are all killed, and the house is on fire!' Mr. White ran over, followed by Albert, and found his (Albert's) room full of smoke and the bed on fire. He took the bed out and put it out of the window. Then he went up-stairs, though the smoke was so thick he was nearly suffocated. Albert did not follow him, but paced hurriedly up and down the lower rooms, sobbing and crying. On getting into the chamber, Mr. White found the bed all in a blaze, and the bed-clothes covered with blood. He lifted up Ella and found her still alive, though bailed in blood and presenting a shocking sight. As he lifted her a bloody axe slipped off upon the floor. Mr. White took it, and lifting the window, placed the axe under it to let out the smoke, while he next got Mrs. Starkweather off the burning bed, and finding her dead, placed her on the floor while he rolled up the bed and threw it out of the window. The dying Ella he carried in his arms to a back window in the adjoining room, in order to give her fresh air, but the poor girl died in a few minutes. The son has been taken into custody."

DOUBLE MURDER AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE IN YORKSHIRE.

LATE on Saturday evening, the town of Batley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was the scene of a horrible tragedy, ending in the murder of two women and the attempted suicide of the murderer. A young man, named Bill Sykes, about nineteen years old, living at Batley Carr, and a member of the Dewsbury Rifle Corps, returned to Batley on Saturday evening, from a battalion drill at Drighlington. For some time past he has been paying addresses to a young woman named Hannah Brook, but recently she has discarded him for another suitor from Wakefield. When he reached Batley on Saturday evening, Sykes went to Brook's house, where he found Miss Brook and her mother, Sarah, at home. He demanded to know from the daughter whether she would accept him, and in reply she and her mother told him to go away, as they did not want to have anything to do with him; and the daughter also added that if he did not go away she would make him. He said he would not go, and told her that he had seen her with another man. She replied that she would have no more to do with him, and that he might as well "take himself away." Hardly had the words passed her lips when he took up the rifle which he had brought with him and struck her on the head with the butt end of the weapon, using such force as to knock her from her chair and to break the stock of the rifle. She screamed out "Murder," and Sykes then pulled out his bayonet and stabbed her eight times in the breast and other parts of the body, but not instantaneously killing her. The mother, seeing the murderous assault on her daughter, rushed forward to protect her, when Sykes turned round upon the mother and stabbed her with the bayonet in the breast, and followed up his bloody work by inflicting six more fearful gashes upon her. The shrieks of the two women attracted the attention of two men, named Joseph Peace and William Farrall, who, on entering the dwelling, found the women lying on the floor weltering in their blood, and Sykes in the act of attempting to commit suicide by stabbing himself in the neck with the bayonet. Peace instantly snatched the weapon from him, and in doing so narrowly escaped being stabbed himself, owing to the determined resistance made by Sykes. Information was immediately forwarded to Police-sergeant English, who arrived at the place in a few minutes. He found the two women on the point of death, and Sykes apparently in a dangerous state, as the blood was streaming profusely from the wounds in his throat. Mr. Bayliss, surgeon, was sent for, but before his arrival both the women had died. Mr. Bayliss found that the removal of Sykes might be safely ventured upon, and the assistance of other police having been obtained, Sykes was placed in a conveyance and taken to the lock-up at Dewsbury, where he was immediately attended to by Dr. W. H. Thompson. His wounds are not likely to be fatal, for the windpipe and large arteries of the neck are uninjured. The murdered woman, Sarah Sykes, was about sixty-three years of age, and lived upon the income derived from a small property near Batley. Her daughter lived with her, but obtained a livelihood by weaving at the Almondbury Mill, at Batley. The murderer had been for two years a member of the Dewsbury Rifle Corps, and had made himself conspicuous by his regular attendance at drill. On Sunday morning he had sufficiently recovered to be able to converse. He stated that he considered himself fully justified in all he had done, and was perfectly satisfied now that he had no remorse. "The girl and her mother," he said, "had brought it all upon themselves." His father owned him in the course of the day, and a very affecting interview took place. Afterwards the prisoner recovered his usual indifference.

A FIRST-DAY WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for 2s. postage), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pen-case and Pen-holder, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 200,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 26, Oxford-street, London.—[Advertisement]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The papers mention the death of the Marquis de Bergeret, a retired colonel of cavalry, which occurred on his estate, near Chateaudun, at the advanced age of ninety-seven. At the age of thirteen he received an ensign's commission; he was twenty-four years old when, in 1792, revolutionary France was threatened by Conservative Europe. His family emigrated; he remained and enlisted as a private soldier in the 13th Dragoons. There he soon regained his spurs. Before doing so he was one day on advanced post duty in the neighbourhood of Stockar in Baden, when it came to his knowledge that his father and brother were with the advanced guard of Condé's army. A small river alone separated the opponent forces. He asked his general's permission to go and see his relations, and it was granted, after some hesitation. The young Republican volunteer hastened to Condé's camp, and remained there an hour; in vain did his brother and his old father employ every argument, every entreaty, to get him to remain with them in the royal ranks; faithful to duty and the national banner, he tore himself from them and rejoined his corps. He went through the campaigns of the Rhine and Switzerland, was at Austerlitz, Jena, Moscow, and through the campaign disastrous but yet glorious for the French arms of 1814. He was four times wounded, and left the army just before the revolution of 1830.

A letter of the 14th from the Camp of Chalons, in the *Patrie* says:—"When the Emperor arrived in front of the 9th Regiment of the Line, he naked the colonel the purport of a small monument, composed of three pieces. 'Sire,' was the reply, 'it consists of two groups of lictors placed one on each side of the great work that we owe to the pen of your Majesty.' The work was the 'Histoire de Jules Cesar,' with an academic crown above. The Emperor was visibly affected by this military homage paid to literary merit. The colonel hastened to summon the artist, Lieutenant Jolyot, of the Voltigeurs, who received the cordial acknowledgments of the Emperor. I think I told you that when the Emperor visited the theatre, he was accompanied by an English general, placed at his side in the imperial box. That officer, Lord Frederick Paulet, with his scarlet uniform, puzzled greatly the French soldiers, who said to each other, 'He must be some great personage.' As I passed a group, the men in which were talking of the noble islander, I heard one say, 'Come, you who know everything; who is this Englishman?' 'He is a miford of the first water, was the reply. 'Oh, better than that,' interposed a peasant who was near. 'The drummer told me that he is an English marshal de France!' The phrase has had great success."

Another letter from the Camp of Chalons, dated the 15th, says:—"Yesterday, on the occasion of the solemnity of the 15th August, his Majesty, after attending Divine service, reviewed the troops. The Empress, on horseback, accompanied the Emperor. Their Majesties were attended by the Princess Anna, Prince George of Salm-Baumels, Lord Frederick Paulet, and a numerous and brilliant staff. In the evening there was a display of fireworks in front of the imperial quarters, and a general illumination throughout the camp. During the day their Majesties visited the hospitals of the camp, and expressed themselves highly satisfied with their good order and hygienic condition. In fact, the sanitary state of the troops has never been more satisfactory."

The special correspondent of the *France* at Cherbourg is far from sharing certain English appreciations of the relative merits of the iron-clads of the two countries, and he believes that M. Dupuy de Lome, the well-known engineer and naval constructor, returned on shore, after visiting the ships of the British squadron, with the conviction (which, perhaps, he already entertained) that in all respects the English are far behind the French. From letters in other Paris papers we see that many things on board our ships, particularly with respect to the way in which some of the large guns are moved and worked, attracted the particular attention of the minister of Marine and of the French naval officers. It is very possible that on both sides hints may be taken. All that we have to hope, in the interests of the two nations, of Europe, and of humanity, is that we may never see the comparative merits of the two fleets decided beyond dispute. And we take this opportunity of remarking that the tone of the Paris press, without an exception, has been both courteous and friendly towards England during the whole of this international festival.

PRUSSIA.

A letter from Berlin says that King William of Prussia, on his way back to his capital, will visit Queen Victoria at Borsenau; but that he will do so as quietly as possible, in order not to meet the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who, by his attachment to the cause of the Duke of Augustenburg has lost all favour with the King. Some may suppose a different motive on the part of Prussia's Sovereign for shunning Duke Ernest. It is only charitable to credit him with some feeling of shame for the manner in which he has broken his pledges and betrayed Augustenburg, whose cause he at one time so warmly upheld. Few, even of those among his subjects who most disliked his tyrannical domestic policy, would have believed a year ago that he was capable of abandoning the support of Prince Frederick's claims. Of the effected recognition of these now seems less chance than ever. You were told of the refusal to receive Samwer at Vienna, and we further learn that Dr. Lorenzen, who is at Munich on behalf of the Duke, can extract nothing but condolence from Herr von der Pfordten.

AMERICA.

Although Jefferson Davis is shut up in Fortress Monroe he still has friends who are determined to see that he is fairly dealt with. A meeting has been held in New York, at which some of the principal citizens were present, and it was resolved that money should not be wanting to provide him with counsel. The *New York Post* endeavoured to ridicule the meeting, but was very quickly made to apologize for its slur. Charles O'Connor has publicly stated that he is Mr. Davis's counsel, and will stand by him to the last. General Richard Taylor, having procured the permission of the President, had an extended interview with Mr. Davis on Saturday, July 29. There is a growing feeling in the country, fostered by the more sensible newspapers, in favour of treating Jefferson Davis leniently. The torrent of abuse that ran so strongly a month ago has entirely stopped. The indications from Washington are that General Lee and Vice-President Stephens will be pardoned, though how soon they will receive the Executive clemency is not yet known. General Kirby Smith and Judah P. Benjamin, after most eventful journeys and hairbreadth escapes, have arrived in Savannah.

The negroes still cause a great deal of trouble, and in several places during the past week there have been scenes of bloodshed of which they were the cause. At Aquia Creek, on the Potomac, a large number of black and white labourers have been for some time engaged in rebuilding the railroad connecting Washington and Richmond. Between the blacks and whites, especially whites of the lower classes, there will always be feuds, and for some time the negroes plotted a conspiracy to drive off the whites. Early on the morning of August 5, the negroes attacked the whites, severely beat some of them, and drove them off. The military were called from a neighbouring post to quell the riot, but before they could succeed one negro was killed and twenty wounded; fifteen of the leaders were captured and lodged in prison. Some of the negroes afterwards confessed that they had formed a compact to murder all the whites, and had collected arms for that purpose. They had miscalculated the power of the soldiers, however.

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH COMBINED FLEETS.

A LETTER from Cherbourg of August 15 thus describes the arrival of the English fleet at this port:—

"The English iron Channel fleet and their wooden consorts cast anchor in the Roads last night at 6.30. The run across had been more or less boisterous for all the vessels. There was a strong head-wind from the south-west, right in the teeth of the squadron, and some of the ironclads made heavy weather of it as they went ploughing through the swell. The poor yachts were scattered every where up and down the Channel, staggering wildly under a press of canvas that almost threatened to overwhelm them entirely. Apparently the ships of the 'quadron' themselves must have found considerable difficulty in keeping their proper sailing order, for the *Constance* contrived to run into the Liverpool with such success as to cut away her mizen-chains, quarter-boats, and take the mizzen-topmast out of her; making, in fact, a regular wreck of her stern. In this condition the hitherto magnificent-looking frigate was reduced at once to a condition which put any exhibition of herself in Cherbourg Roads out of the question. She was signalled to return, and sorrowfully went about, no doubt to the great chagrin and mortification of all her officers and officers' friends on board, who thus found themselves, when almost in sight of Cherbourg, robbed of their share in the nautical display. Beyond this, and watching the fearful way the *Fire Queen* was pitching and surging to a sea, there was nothing of much interest in the cruise across. Occasionally, far to leeward, a yacht was seen almost as white as the breakers she was struggling with; but this was all, till the misty headlands of Cherbourg rose in view. The fleet en-

very well from the water, and may fairly be supposed to have been even more imposing on land. The harbour, too, had an illumination of its own, as every vessel hoisted its lights for the night, till the whole expanse of water was twinkling like a small town, and not a very small one either. Now and then the vessels of war held a short conversation in lanterns, and the rapidity with which this system of signalling is carried on is even more striking than that with the flags."

"At the banquet given to the Lords of the English Admiralty, M. Chasseloup Laubat, Minister of Marine, in his speech proposing the toast of 'her Majesty Queen Victoria and the British Navy,' said the time of hostile rivalry between the two countries had passed away. There now only remained emulation in doing everything that could advance the cause of civilization and liberty. 'Freedom of the sea, pacific contests in labour, and benevolent conquests achieved by commerce,' said the minister, 'such is the signification of the union of the noble flags of England and France.'"

The Duke of Somerset, replying to the toast, thanked the minister for the sentiments he had expressed, and continued:—

"We accept the toast as a proof of the cordial friendship of the Emperor and the French nation for our Queen and country. We also on our part entertain the same sentiments of esteem for the Emperor of the French. We trust that his Majesty may long continue to enjoy his present good health. This we desire, not only because it is profitable for the welfare of the two countries, but also because it tends to guarantee the happiness and the pacific progress of Europe. In proposing the health of the Emperor, I wish to speak, not only in the name of the Government or of any political party, but in the name of every enlightened Englishman."

Napoleon I., erected on the Quay Napoleon, at Cherbourg, facing the Place d'Armes, and which was publicly inaugurated during the Emperor's visit in 1858. It is the work of M. Leveel, who, only six years previous, was a grocer's boy in the village of Briguebec, in Normandy. He had a natural taste for the fine arts, and found means to visit Paris, where he became a pupil of the celebrated Hude, and made extraordinary progress in his studies. He was selected to execute this work, no doubt, because he was a native of the environs of Cherbourg, as well as on account of his precocious talent. The statue, which is of bronze, is fifteen feet in height and stands on a granite pedestal, composed of sixty-four blocks, four of which are of enormous dimensions, weighing upwards of fifteen tons. Originally it was intended to have placed the statue so that the hand of the Emperor would point towards the English coast, but it is now placed with the horse's flank, and not his head, towards the north. The Emperor's hand points due west, towards the port which he appears to indicate as his work. On the pedestal is the following quotation from an expression attributed to him at St. Helens:—"J'avais résolu de renouveler à Cherbourg les merveilles de l'Egypte." "I have resolved to renew at Cherbourg the marvels of Egypt."

On page 165 will be found another large engraving of the fire-works and lighting up of the fleets during the recent Cherbourg fêtes.

A letter of Friday from Cherbourg thus describes the final festivities:—

"After all the visiting was over on Thursday, the festivities at Cherbourg were brought to a close by a ball at the Hotel de Ville. The night was not one that would be chosen on ordinary occasions



THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON AT CHERBOURG.

tered the harbour soon after six p.m.. Late as it was, some one among the many clusters of forts saluted the English flag. According to the English custom, however, not to fire after six p.m., our ships remained mute to this thundering welcome. The west end of the harbour, the post of honour—that is, the most convenient and the safest—was given to the vessels of the visitors. French pilots boarded them as fast as they came in, and guided each to the moorings, which formed them up in three lines. The outer line was formed by the *Constance*, the *Ostavia*, the *Research*, the *Hector*, and the French frigate *Herophile*, an ironclad new from the yard at L'Orient. The second line consisted of the *Black Prince*, the *Urgent*, the *Defence*, and the *Magenta*, the latter the flagship of the French Rear-Admiral, le Baron de la Ronciere Noury. The third line was formed by the *Prince Consort*, the *Abilities*, and the French frigate the *Flardre*. The stately-looking flagship of Admiral Dafores, the *Edgar*, was placed almost in the centre of the harbour, on the west of which lay the *Royal Sovereign*, and next to her again lay two fine French frigates. Who, we say that very many other smaller French ships of war were scattered about; that our own vessels, *Enchantress*, *Salamander*, *Fire Queen*, *Tricolore*, *Sprightly* &c., were grouped about, and the intervals between them filled up with a crowd of yachts, excursion steamers and pleasure boats, it will easily be understood how full and gay the harbour looked. Beyond the formal salute we have mentioned nothing was done at sea that evening. On shore, in the Grande Place, there was a fine display of fireworks, which looked

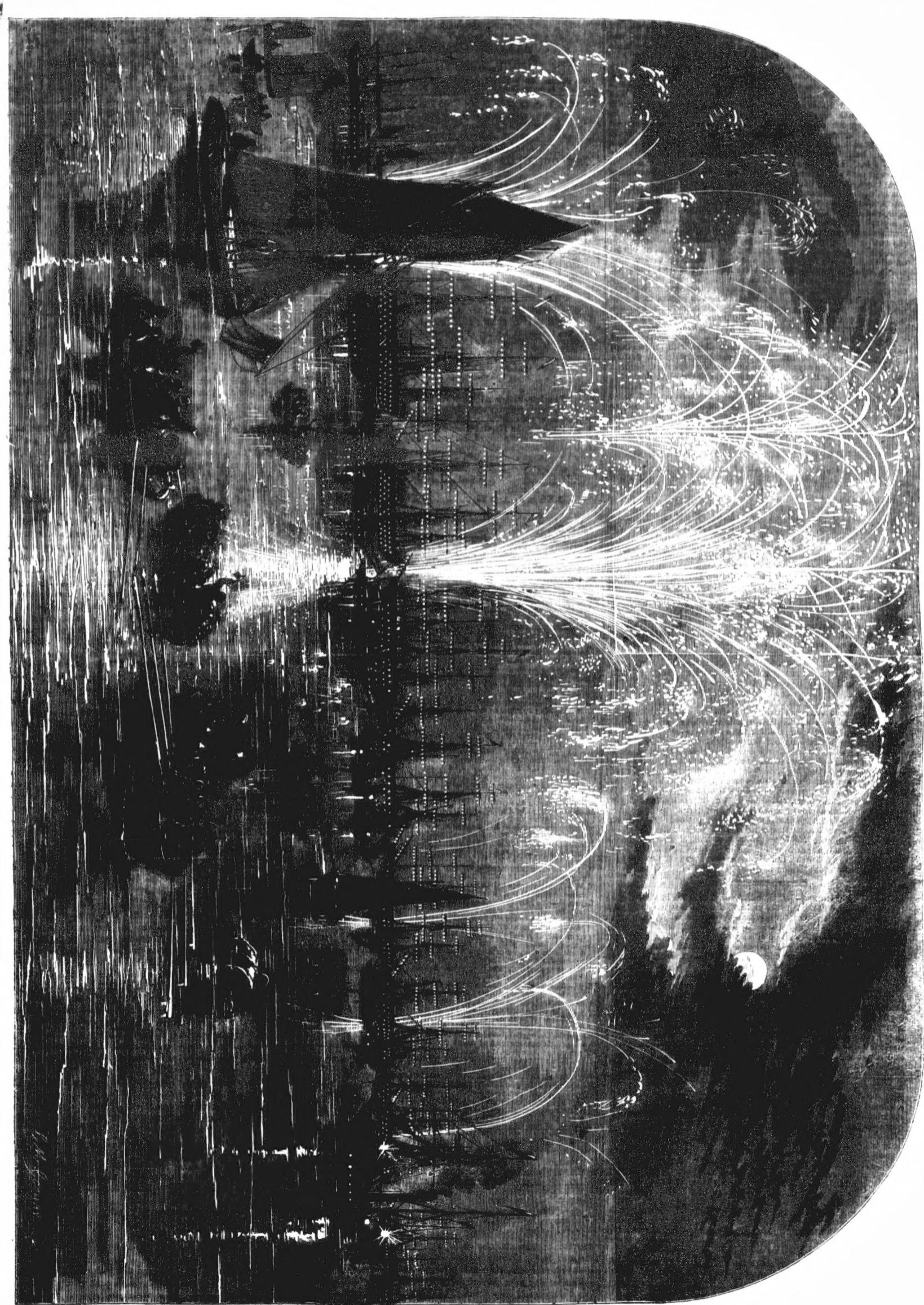
The cure of a church in Brest has written a letter to Admiral Dafores, asking him and his officers to subscribe for a new set of bells, upon the ground that the belfry was battered down, and the bells taken away by the English, and that now the peaceful mission of the English fleet affords a happy opportunity for reparation. The cure is the Rev. S. Bessnard, Rector of Our Lady of the Vow, the large restored church whose steeples form a prominent object at the back of the town. The date of the destruction of the old towers of that church by the English was 1758. The letter stated in substance that if the admiral would look towards the bottom of the bay he would see on the declivity of the hills the two steeples of the church of Our Lady of the Vow, a name historical and of English origin. After the allusion to the English having taken away the bells, the letter concludes as nearly as possible in the following words:—

"Now, the visit of the fleet is a happy one; all were good friends. Could not the admiral of the fleet enable the steeples to be no longer silent by giving a new peal, on which it was proposed that the names of the Duke of Somerset, Admiral Dafores, and the various ships should be engraved; the bells should be called the 'Bells of Peace'?"

In our last we gave an interesting account, also a map, and several views of Cherbourg and its fortifications. We now present, on pages 168 and 169, a view of the town, harbour, docks, fortifications, and environs of this important French naval station.

We also give, above, an engraving of the colossal statue of

for a ball to naval officers, for the weather was equally with showers of rain, and the visitor in full uniform who has to undergo a two miles pull in an open boat under such conditions has but small chance of appearing to advantage. But, nevertheless, everybody went. To an English naval officer what is the worst of weather to the best of balls to which he is invited? So the boats were passing all night long between the fleet and the shore, the dim lights in which just sufficed to show the brilliant uniforms of the naval and military guests, and the gleam of the orders with which so many were decorated. Among the most remarkable of the celebrities who went from the *Urgent* was Dr. John Urquhart, a gentleman who was assistant-surgeon at the bombardment of Copenhagen, who was in the action off the Bay of Cadiz, an assistant-surgeon at Trafalgar, a surgeon in 1810—just fifty-five years ago. This veteran wore the uniform which was the regulation more than half a century since—before the captains, or, indeed, most of the admirals, of the present day were born. It is needless to say, with what marked respect and deference the French officers received this relic of what we may almost call a past age. The Hotel de Ville was brilliantly illuminated. It consists of three fine saloons—the first the municipal hall proper; the second built since Cherbourg has expanded into its present importance, and called the Emperor's saloon; the third, named the Queen's, having been used on the occasion of her Majesty's visit, and as containing a magnificent picture of that event. All the halls and staircases leading to these rooms were profusely decorated with ban-



of flowers, mirrors, evergreens, and clusters of lights, while the saloons themselves were in keeping with their beautiful approaches. Everywhere were displayed splendid trophies of arms—sabres, shields, and devices made up of weapons only—pistols, swords, muskets, and bayonets. Conspicuous for its merit, where all was good, was a wonderful representation of the Imperial Eagle, made entirely of bayonets and sabre-blades. It was difficult, even with the most careful examination, to understand how so perfect an effigy of the king of birds could have been constructed out of such inflexible materials. In the Emperor's saloon hung the magnificent silver-gilt chandelier presented to the Hotel by his Majesty. The other saloons were lit by most curiously-grouped chandeliers made of pistols with wax-lights in the muzzles of the weapons. In fact, nothing connected with the saloons was left to be desired save that which was impossible—namely, that they could have been made larger. To accommodate 500 people at a ball they would have sufficed, but as more than 1,500 had been asked, and nearly 1,200 came, it followed as a matter of course that the throng was somewhat inconveniently dense, and dancing was almost impossible. Of course, nothing was done till the Duke of Somerset and the lords of the Admiralty arrived, with Admiral Decres, the admiral of the squadron, Lord de Grey and Ripon, Lady Clarence Paget, Lord and Lady Wilton, and a few other distinguished visitors from the yacht. From the thronged state of the rooms, the whole entertainment partook more of the nature of a stately *conversations* than a ball. Still, dancing to a certain, or rather to an uncertain, extent did go on under more or less difficulties, and it was amusing to see how the 'middles' and youngsters from the English fleet always selected the biggest ladies they could find as partners, and with what energy they bounded against group after group in the crowd in their untiring efforts to keep up the dancing. The supper was on a profuse scale of hospitality, though certainly not more than half the visitors partook of it, for most of the officers, English and French, were anxious to get on board early, not knowing at what hour to-day the fleet would sail. Fortunately the night was still and calm, and all were enabled to reach their ships with an ease and speed that was almost luxurious as compared with the stormy passages of previous days. At the departure of the fleet, reduced by the dismissal to Portsmouth of the Royal Sovereign, Reservoir, Ontario, and Liverpool, only the flag-snaps exchanged salutes. The vessels of the English squadron that have been selected to go on will be met off Brest by four of the French ironclads; but, as we said before, no evolutions of any kind, combined or separate, will be gone through.

SOME LONDON PLAGUES OF FORMER TIMES.

ONLY six years after the outbreak of pestilence in 1665, we have accounts of another plague, which was so violent that it was necessary to adjourn the Michaelmas term to that of Hilary; and the Lord Mayor gave orders that all idle persons should be prevented from swaying about, who might spread the disorder amongst the citizens. They also adopted some sanitary precautions, which were more likely to prevent the evil than the confinement of poor distressed wanderers. In 1609 another terrible outbreak of the plague occurred, which carried off in that year 30,578 persons, 3,090 of whom died in one week. If, for the purpose of roughly showing to modern London the extent of this mortality, we multiply the population of 1603 by ten, the deaths in one week would be 30,900. Another attack of plague occurred, when great preparations had been made for the reception in London of Charles I. On the death of James I the Lord Mayor and aldermen repaired to Ludgate, where Charles I, having arrived on horseback, was there proclaimed, as well as at all other places in the City; but the joy was changed to mourning, for the plague raged so violently, both in the City and the suburbs, that it carried off 33,470 people, besides upwards of 18,000 who died of other disorders. On account of this calamity the coronation was postponed to the 2nd of February; this was in 1625. In 1635, the plague carried off 10,400 citizens, and in consequence of its occurrence the fairs and other large places of public assembly were stopped. There are many other accounts of pestilences of various kinds which have visited Old London; and amongst the records in the British Museum and Gough's Library, there will be found many accounts of visitations which have not been especially noticed by the London historians; but there might be useful knowledge gained by an examination of this most important subject more in detail than has yet been done. In 1665, however, exactly 200 years ago, about the beginning of May, the greatest plague of which we have record in England broke out in London. It swept away 68,000 persons, which, added to the number of those who died from other disorders, raised the bills of mortality in that year to 97,306. Even at that time we do not think that the population of London was so much as one eighth of the present. If, however, we take this estimate, the deaths in London from a similar plague now would number 558,768 (upwards of half a million human beings). From other causes than the plague the death-rate was heavy; and the deaths in London, if we compare the past population with the present, would be in all 778,448.

RELIEF IN CANCER—Dr. Brandini, of Florence, has discovered that citric acid will assuage the violent pain which is the usual concomitant of cancer. One of his patients, aged seventy-one, at the Hospital of Santa Maria della Scala, was afflicted with cancer on the tongue. There was no possibility of performing an operation, the surface attacked being far too extensive, involving the base, the sub-lingual and the sub-maxillary glands. The poor man, in the midst of his torments, asked for a lemon, which was nothing very remarkable, as cancerous patients generally have an extraordinary liking for acids. But the state of the disorder being in the mouth, a circumstance was observed which might otherwise have escaped attention—the juice of the lemon diminished the pain. The patient, on finding this, asked for another on the following day, and it gave him still greater relief than the day before. This led Dr. Brandini to try citric acid itself in a crystallized state. A gargle was composed of four grains of the acid in 350 grains of common water, and it entirely carried off the pain; on its reappearing the same remedy was repeated with the same success. In the course of a month this treatment not only delivered the patient from all pain, but even reduced the swelling of the tongue very considerably. Encouraged by this success, Dr. Brandini tried the same remedy on a female patient, seventy-three years of age, who for years had been suffering from an ulcerous cancer on the breast. The affection had been pronounced incurable, and when she was given into our author's hands the torments she suffered were such that she not only could get no night's rest herself, but prevented the other patients in the same ward from having any. Dr. Brandini applied a pledge of lint, previously soaked in the above solution, to the part, and the relief obtained was instantaneous. The pain disappeared, and when, after a lapse of six or seven hours, it began again, a fresh application was sufficient to keep it off. Our author quotes several other cases in which citric acid produced relief in cancer; and he justly observes that, if subsequent experiments should prove equally successful, citric acid must be considered a great boon to humankind. A substance capable of removing violent pain in an incurable affection is not less valuable than one that will effect a cure in more tractable maladies.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES

H. W. L. B.

D.	A. M.	P. M.
26	8 42	9 26
27	10 6	10 45
28	11 23	11 59
29	0 54	1 16
30	1 36	1 55
31	2 10	2 26

Moon's Changes.—First Quarter, 29th, 11a. 46m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.

2 Kings 5; Acts 25. 2 Kings 9; 1 John 4.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Fast Days.—28th, St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo (430); 29th, beheading of John the Baptist; 1st September, St. Giles, Abbott and Confessor (725).

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Our Subscribers.—The PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLD'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 2s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office 313, Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward this amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr. Dicks, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 3d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapped. Receipt stamp cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

H. G. O.—When property is "thrown into Chancery," as is the familiar phrase, it of course remains there until the case has been thoroughly argued and judgment has been delivered. The length of time that this may last depends entirely on the case itself, its complexity or simplicity, and other circumstances: but there are not now the delays which in years past we were wont to disgrace the Court of Chancery. Relative to the will, you should make a search at D'Oyley's Court, where it can be read for the fee of a shilling. A copy can be obtained, the cost of which varies, according to the length of the document, from fifteen to fifty shillings, or even more. You can get a friend, or employ some solicitor in London, to make the search for you, and procure the special information which you may desire. See answer to V. D.

H. M.—Procure the "Golden Book" and follow the prescriptions for the cure of the nervousness. It can be procured by sending four postage stamps to Mr. Waller, No. 8, Grafton-place, Euston-square.

V. D.—If you do not know a respectable London solicitor, we can recommend you one if you will send us your address.

W. L. B.—The partner continuing the business is entitled to your services.

P. Q.—The instrument used in measuring the heights of mountains is the barometer.

T. W.—The eagle was called the "Bird of Heaven" by the ancients, because of all birds it flies the highest.

LACHA P.—We cannot direct you to such an agent without knowing you, and the purpose for which it is required.

G. S.—A work entitled "The Road to the Stage," by Thomas Leman Rode, brother of the late William Rode, contains all the necessary information connected with stage business.

A. A.—The simile "merry as a cricket" is used, because, quitting its abode about the end of August, and fixing its residence by the sides of hedges or cottages, the crickets as merry at Christmas as other insects in the dog-days. 2. The cricket effaces its chirps by grating its wings against its right wings.

S. C.—The House of the Lords consists of the Lords Temporal, including all the Peers of England, and deputations from Scotland and Ireland, viz.: 16 Peers from Scotland, and 28 from Ireland; and of the Lords Spiritual, viz.: the two Archbishops, and 24 Bishops of England, and four Bishops of Ireland. The House of Commons consists of 632 members, viz.: 500 representing England and Wales; 53 Scotland, and 105 Ireland.

GEORGIA.—The earliest description of London extant is by Fizstephen, a monk of Canterbury, and much connected with Thomas a Becket. He was one of his clerks, and an inmate in his family, filling different offices at different times in his train and household. His "Description of the City of London" forms part of his work, "The Life and Passion of Archbishop Becket." The time of the composition of this work is fixed by a celebrated antiquary, Dr. Pegge, between the years of 1170 and 1182; and we may challenge any nation in Europe to produce an account of its capital, or any other of its great cities, at so remote a period as the twelfth century. Stowe inserted a translation of Fizstephen's "Description" in his "Survey of London."

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1865.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

The latest news from the Great Eastern, and the hopes of the people directly interested in the success of the Atlantic cable, may be briefly summarized. The great ship is proved to be, by her wonderful steadiness at sea, eminently adapted for cable-laying; but it is obvious that she needs careful overhauling and efficient repair. In her present condition it would be an imprudent to let her brave the Atlantic winter gales with such a cargo as she carried the other day from Sheerness, as it would be safe and easy to do so if she were in proper trim. The present arrangement of tanks

and coils must be improved, for it is imperative that her proper complement of boilers should be supplied, and at present two of these have been taken out to make way for the cable. Strengthened as Mr. Fairbairn recommends, and appointed as Captain Anderson advises, the great ship will, it may be fairly hoped, do great work yet, and is not improbably destined to a long career of usefulness in the special service for which her size and capabilities so eminently fit her. The interests of the Great Eastern Steamship Company, the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, are at this juncture so closely identified that the three boards meeting on Monday had probably little difficulty in making arrangements for the common benefit. The natural wishes for the immediate resumption of the enterprise cannot be gratified. The delay of a few months is of infinitely less importance than the risk of another failure, and the attempt at picking up the lost cable may well be expected, providing the time be spent in securing victory by carefully guarding against defeat. It is greatly to be regretted that vague suspicions of foul play should have arisen during the recent voyage, and we cannot but think that it will be more useful to devote time and thought to devising means for speedily remedying faults than to indulge in irritating speculations upon their origin. Whether, under existing circumstances, and in the face of present failure, it will be wise to think of making and carrying out another cable, at the same time as it is sought to pick up the one now lying in the Atlantic is a problem, the bare mention of which will be startling to many. Yet the arguments in its favour have some cogency and force, and it is noteworthy that they have the support of the practical men, both nautical and scientific, who accompanied the Great Eastern on her last voyage.

ALTHOUGH there is as yet no ground for immediate alarm, it cannot be doubted that there are ample reasons for giving the subject of the cholera the most prompt and energetic attention. There exist unquestionably at the present moment nearly all the symptoms by which an outbreak of cholera has been generally preceded. The disease is travelling in the same sort of epidemic waves as have formerly marked its approach. From Alexandria it has moved forward to Constantinople, Malta, Mincio, Spain, and Marseilles, and quarantine regulations are proving as ineffectual as usual. The time of year at which it threatens us agrees with former experience. The great outbreak of 1848-1849 commenced by a slight attack in the autumn of the former year, subsided during the winter, and reappeared in its utmost violence in the following spring and summer. The atmospheric conditions of the season are similarly ominous, and what is called the state of "epidemic tension," or the tendency of disease in general to assume an epidemic type, is certainly high. Of this condition of the atmosphere the prevailing cattle disease is probably an indication, such plagues among animals having frequently preceded epidemic outbreaks among men. All these symptoms may undoubtedly exist without being necessarily followed by cholera. Just as in the same country the disease visits one town and spares another, so it may exist in the south of Europe without advancing to our shores. It is not every heavy cloud which falls in rain. But to fail to recognise in such symptoms a warning to be prepared for a possible invasion of the disease would be an unpardonable imprudence, and it is our simplest duty to see that every possible precaution is reasonably adopted. It is not long since London, like all great towns, was almost an Augean stable, and the Herculean task of cleansing it has been necessarily slow. A great deal has been done within the last twenty years, but we fear that a great deal more remains to do, and the ordinary death-rate of some of our other great towns, such as Liverpool, shows that they are infinitely worse than the metropolis. In spite of the drainage works which have been carried out there are still, it is said, in London no less than 1,000 miles of sewers of deposit, giving off the products of putrefactive decomposition, under the streets and houses, and few persons are aware of the number of cesspools which exist uncovered under the basements of London houses. These cesspools, moreover, in too many cases, filter into adjacent wells or pumps, and there is reason to believe that cholera may be propagated by this means more easily than by any other. A remarkable instance to this effect occurred during the last visitation of the disease. In the neighbourhood of one of its most frightful outbreaks on that occasion it was afterwards found that the pump which was principally used by the inhabitants was thus infected by an adjacent cesspool; and it is probable that the very evacuations of cholera patients were thus conveyed into the food of hundreds of healthy and temperate persons. The water had a reputation for being peculiarly excellent, and the public should be warned that the sparkling appearance and brisk taste which are prized in drinking water are so far from being a test of its purity that they may even arise from the presence within it of decomposed animal matter. But, besides all this, the terrible overcrowding of our poor population in town and country, of the extent and evil of which we are at present becoming aware, furnishes one of the most fatal, and at present unhappily the most unavoidable, of the elements of danger. The dirty habits generated by this way of living increase the unavoidable evils of crowding. There exists, it is true, in every parish a machinery by which all nuisances dangerous to health can be removed. But a vestry is, at best, a slow and cumbersome instrument of reform, and medical officers seldom maintain the constant energy which is necessary to produce any considerable effects in ordinary times. Even on the occasion of the outbreak of 1849, after the warning of the previous year, and in spite of the instructions issued by the Privy Council, when the disease again appeared, it proved, according to the evidence of an eye-witness at the time, that "systematic sanitary precautions had been adopted, and foul and obstructed drains, filthy houses, and overflowing cesspools were as rife in June as they were before Christmas, when the epidemic first broke out." Nothing, in short, but the most vigorous activity on the part of all who have any influence in such matters will be sufficient to insure any adequate measures of precaution being taken by the various parishes. It is to be hoped that on this occasion the warning we have received will be more effectual, and that both public and private exertions will be at once directed towards putting ourselves in the best state for meeting the disease which the time at our disposal will

allow. The Privy Council has set a good example, and has now for three weeks been advising all the authorities in the country. The course of the medical officers of health is plain. All the sources of water supply should be at once examined, and where there is reason to suspect their purity they should be temporarily closed, and other facilities provided, as far as possible, for obtaining a sufficient supply. Cholera, again, as we have said, is sure to appear in the same neighbourhoods as those which suffer ordinarily from typhus and similar diseases, and the medical officers can, therefore, by means of their ordinary practice, or by the returns of other practitioners, at once put their fingers upon the spots which require attention. There should be visited from house to house and everything in the form of a nuisance removed at any expense.

THE CHOLERA.

Constantinople, Aug. 11.

"THERE is no longer any doubt as to the nature of the epidemic which is ravaging this metropolis and its neighbouring villages. Cholera in its worst form is now raging, carrying off daily, with scarcely any warning, its hundreds of victims, and such is the panic among the residents that it is fearful to contemplate the consequences if it continues much longer. Business of all kinds is almost entirely suspended; hundreds are flying in all directions; and it is estimated that as many as 100,000 persons have left Constantinople, principally *hawas* (porters) and domestic servants. It is chiefly among the poorer classes that this dreadful scourge has, up to the present time, committed such havoc. In the crowded and filthy habitations of the Jews, among the Galata porters, and now in the crowded quarters of Stamboul, they are dying faster than they can bury them. Nor have the hubristic considered salubrious villages of the Bosphorus escaped; one after another they are swept by the pestiferous malady. Therapia, the summer residence of the elite of our society, has been particularly afflicted, that it is now quite deserted; many who had fled there for safety have rushed to other places, to be again driven forth, as one after another the different villages become infected. In fact such a cowardly panic exists that were it not so serious in its consequences it would be ludicrous. At Therapia the dead and dying were left by their affrighted friends, who fled as soon as the poor creatures were attacked, and the noble courage displayed by some of the gentlemen of the English Embassy who, amid the panic, searched out and attended the dying and the dead, is beyond all praise, ministering with their own hands to the wants of the dying ones, and searching out those left unburied. As many as fifty bodies were found thus deserted. In some cases the doctors have refused to visit the patients afflicted with cholera, but I must give the rest credit for the noble devotion they have displayed in this trying emergency. Many have succumbed to the disease and the fatigue caused by them. To the Government also great praise is due for the strenuous efforts it is making to arrest the malady and assist the afflicted; in some cases nobly supported by public charity—the French, *sens* especially having at their own expense established ambulances, hospitals, and free dispensaries; but with all these efforts many districts are entirely without medical assistance of any sort. In the crowded haunts of Scutari they are dying in hundreds, entirely uncared for, with no medicines, and no doctors to help them. Among our small English community we have to deplore the loss of many a well-remembered face, which is not surprising considering the place most of the engineers inhabit (a dirty village near the *Armenian* and *Cassim Pasha*), in which place the disease first declared itself.

"All the Government works are suspended and disorganized. The arsenals, Tophane, &c., are quite deserted. The public offices are also almost entirely closed, the Custom House being only open two hours a day. In fact, such is the scarcity of labour caused by the desertion of the *hawas* (porters) that ships have great difficulty in unloading and loading in cargoes. The once busy streets of Galata are quite deserted, shops and offices closed, and business of all kinds quite suspended. I have no doubt the epidemic has been much aggravated by the abject fear of the inhabitants, combined with the too free use of ardent spirits (of the worst description); which many indulge in at the present time, and the unusual heat which now prevails. At Smyrna the malady still continues its ravages, and, if possible, the disorganization of that place is worse than Constantinople. At Beirut, also, and most of the towns in the Levant, the disease is committing fearful ravages; in fact, in such an extent that the whole of the empire is perfectly demoralized. In Melitene and Moldavia the panic is spreading; although the last accounts the disease had not declared itself; the inhabitants were all ready for a bolt on its first appearance. At Soulou a few cases have occurred, entirely shutting up all business; ships are detained waiting for their cargoes, while the lighters refuse to bring down the river. With all this excitement you will readily understand that very little attention is devoted to politics or speculations. The noisy Bourse, with its crowded eager gamblers, is quite deserted; even the conversation of the *casuari* has responded *sine die*. I am happy to say there has been a diminution in the number of deaths the last two days, and it is hoped that we have seen the worst of this terrible affliction."

CONDAMNATION OF A MURDERER AT BRUSSELS.—The Court of Assizes at Bruxelles has just tried a house-painter, named Gis, on charge of having on the 20th May last murdered his wife, aged fifty-five, by shooting her with a pistol. According to the evidence given at the trial, the prisoner, after a happy married life of nearly thirty years, during which he brought up a family of four daughters, suddenly became jealous of his wife about five years ago, and at the same time took to drinking, which only increased his mania. In one of his jealous fits he shot at a man whom he wrongly supposed to be his wife's paramour, and was imprisoned twelve months for the offence. After his release from prison he was as jealous as ever, and used his wife so ill that she was obliged to leave him, and went to live with two of her daughters at St. Josse-en-Noosse, leaving vainly endeavoured to induce her to return to his house, he pawned his watch and purchased a double-barrelled pistol, which he loaded with shot. He then went to his wife, and meeting with the same refusal as before, he fired both barrels at her, and inflicted wounds which three hours later terminated in her death. He was arrested almost immediately and admitted his crime, which was also abundantly proved by numerous witnesses. The jury having brought in a verdict of "Guilt," the court condemned the prisoner to death, and ordered that the execution should take place in one of the public squares of Brussels.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.—On Monday afternoon Dr. Lancaster held an inquest at the Holborn Union on the body of George Moore, aged thirteen, an errand boy to Messrs. Godwin, silversmiths and jewellers, of 304, High Holborn. It appeared that the deceased had been in the service of Messrs. Godwin for thirteen months, and that he lodged in the house. His conduct was very good, and his masters were going to raise his wages. On Friday night he was reading the "PICKWICK PAPERS," when the servant had occasion to take the candle from him, which made him very angry. Soon afterwards it was noticed that he did not come in to prayers; a search was made for him, and he was found hanging behind the washhouse door. The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while in an unsound state of mind."

GENTLEMEN ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantries caused by the loss of a brace button, by insisting upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five per minute. Patentees' Depot, 482, New Oxford-street, W.C.—[Advertisement].

The Court.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to leave Germany for Abergeldie, N.B., on the day after the uncovering of the Prince Consort's statue, on the 26th inst., at Coburg. In all probability the Prince and Princess will reach Abergeldie about the 6th proximo. It is understood that their Royal Highnesses will this autumn visit the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle, Sutherlandshire, and will stay there four days before returning south.

The Coburg Choral Society had the honour of singing before her Majesty at the Boscus.

Her Majesty has visited the Duke and Duchess of Coburg at the Kaisersberg, and received the Duchess at dinner.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, accompanied by Major Elphinstone, R.A., rode to Woolwich from Greenwich-park on Monday morning, and embarked on board the Admiralty yacht *Vivid*, Staff-Commander Timothy W. Sullivan. The Prince who is about to join the Queen in Germany, was received in Woolwich dockyard, at his arrival, by Commodore Superintendent Dunlop, Commander Towsey, and Dr. Domville, commander and staff-surgeon of the flagship *Fisgard*, and embarked at twelve o'clock, the vessel taking her departure shortly afterwards for Antwerp.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Gather seeds as they ripen, and cut off all decaying seeds and flowers. Prepare or purchase Dutch bulbs, such as *hyacinths*, *narciſſus*, *tulips*, &c., and get them potted and plunged in a cool place in the open ground, with five or six inches of sand, *tau*, or other such material over them. Sow ten-week and other *stocks*, *calceolari*, *biotior*, &c., either in pots or the open ground. Take up early-blooming perennials, and divide; it an increase is desired. *Rhododendrons* that have bloomed the second season should be taken up. Preserve the best seed-pods of *rhododendrons*, *carnations*, and *pinkies*.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Plant out the principal crop of spring cabbages on well-matured ground. Pick out all young plants of *cauliflower*, *caule*, *kaie*, and *winter greens*. Make the last sowing of *lettuce* on a raised bed of light soil, to remain till spring, and prick out such plants as are ready. Thin *turnips* and *spinach*. Remove all exhausted crops, and manure the ground.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Gather and store, on dry days, apples and pears as they ripen. After peaches and nectarines are all gathered, well dust with sulphur all trees infested with the red spider. This can be done when the dew is on the leaves, or after a good spraying. Go over vines, and remove lizards and useless shoots.

A CATTLE PLAGUE IN AMERICA.—The *Memphis Bulletin* of July 25 has the following:—We learn from a gentleman who has just returned from Phillips and Crittenden Counties, Arkansas, that the planters in the Mississippi bottoms have been and are still suffering severe loss by the death of their horses, mules, cattle and hogs by a singular disease, which is carrying them off in great numbers. In the early part of the summer an incredible number of black gnats have appeared in the bottoms, and attacked not only cattle and horses, but also birds, wild turkeys, deer and other game, with such ferocity as to kill in a short time quite a number of them. After the disappearance of the gnats a disease broke out among the cattle, horses, and hogs, and has been raging for some time, and is still prevailing, though the indications now are that the epidemic—for such it appears to be—is abating. This disease resembles very closely *erysipelas*, the attacked swelling up, sometimes under the breast, at other times on the side, but more frequently under the throat, and dying in generally from twenty-four to forty-eight hours after being attacked. Our informant conversed with several intelligent planters who have been great sufferers by this strange disease, among them a physician eminent in his profession, and all of them concurred in the opinion that it was closely allied to *erysipelas*, and also that the visitation of the gnats in the early part of the summer had some influence in producing the disease. It is thought that the great amount of poison which was necessarily absorbed into the system by the bite of the gnat—which is a most venomous insect—is developing itself in the disease which is now ravaging the whole animal kingdom in that region. Some cases, when taken in time, are cured by precisely the same treatment practised in cases of *erysipelas*, gauzing with iodine the affected parts having a fine effect. The loss of stock, especially of hogs, has been very great. One planter in Walnut Bend has lost over 200 hogs and seven horses and mules, besides oxen and milk cows. Another, living a short distance above the one named, has lost thirteen mules and horses, and hogs and cattle in proportion. This is only two of many similar instances of losses sustained. On Saturday morning it was reported that two men, who had been treating the cattle for the prevailing disease had been similarly attacked; their throats swelling up in a惊人的 manner."

A QUAKER FINED FOR KEEPING HIS HAT ON.—Upon the jury entering the box at the Liverpool Assizes, on Monday morning, one of the number, who gave his name as Captain Carson, and was a member of the Society of Friends, kept on his hat. Mr. Justice Smith observing it, requested him to uncover. The jurymen: Conscience compels me to keep it on. The judge: Conscience no more compels you to keep your hat on than it does your shoes. You must have respect for others. I will fine you £10 if you don't take off your hat. The jurymen: It is a reverence for the Almighty which compels me to keep it on. The judge: Don't be non-sensical. Your reason is discreditable to common sense. The jurymen still refusing to uncover, the judge said: I warn you that I will fine you £10 if you don't take off your hat. The jurymen: I cannot do so. The judge: Then I fine you £10, and leave the box. Any person with such nonsense in his head is not fit to sit upon a jury. The jurymen having left the court, the judge said: I shall call upon him again to-morrow, and if he still persists in his nonsense, I shall fine him again.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH.—A shocking accident, which soon terminated fatally, befall a railway guard named Rogers on Saturday night. He was engaged in working the local trains from Wolverhampton, and while on one of the journeys he became sick, and held his head out of the window. Unfortunately the train reached a bridge, the barriers of which projected very near the metals, and struck Rogers' head, breaking the skull in a dreadful manner. A goods' guard who happened to be traveling in the compartment pulled the unfortunate man in, and on the train reaching Bilston Rogers was removed to a public house where he remained in an insensible condition until Sunday night, when he expired. The deceased, who was well known in the above district of the line, and much respected by his brother officials and others, leaves a wife and child. It is stated that similar accidents have previously occurred at the spot, and that a portion of the brickwork should be removed, as any passenger ignorantly looking out of a carriage window might meet with his death.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children, which has been in use in America over thirty years, and very highly recommended by medical men, is now sold in this country, in full directions on each bottle. It is pleasant to take and safe in all cases; it soothes the child, and gives it rest; softens the gums, will allay all pain, relieve wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, and is an excellent remedy for dysentery or diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. The full size of "Orms and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all chemists at 1s. 6d. per bottle. London depot, 308, High Holborn.—[Advertisement].

DARING AND EXTENSIVE ROBBERY IN FIFESHIRE. One of the most daring and extensive robberies by housebreaking which has ever taken place in Fife was perpetrated on Friday morning, at Wellfield House, situated near Strathmiglo, the property of Mr. George Clarke Cheape. The burglars, who are supposed to be three in number, and the same party who last week entered Baldovan and Inchyra Houses, effected an entrance in their usual way, by breaking the glass or one of the windows. They then found their way to the compartment in which the silver plate was kept, and, opening a chest or sideboard, they got access to what we believe was one of the largest collections of silver plate in Fife, from which they carried off a perfect load of articles. Counting every knife, spoon, &c., separately the silver goods number about 187, and the plated articles 29, including two highly valuable salvers, each bearing in the centre an inscription to Mr. Cheape. The value altogether cannot be less than £300 or £400, if not above that sum. Strange to say, although Mr. Cheape and family were at home, none in the house was aroused or in any way disturbed by the thieves either in entering or in carrying away their booty. Information was, of course, lodged with the police immediately on the discovery being made in the morning, and a reward of £100 was offered. Curiously enough, the police, by instructions from the head office at Cupar, visited Wellfield and a number of the principal houses on the borders of Perthshire on Thursday afternoon, the day before the robbery took place, and asked the inmates to see that all valuable property was secured, as suspicious parties were thought to be in the district. Some suspicious-looking men were observed in the woods on Saturday, and about midnight a party of three of the villagers, who were on the look out, caught a view of a number of ill-looking fellows in the woods, but again lost sight of them. This discovery, however, showed that the game was close at hand, and as soon as daybreak the search was prosecuted with renewed vigour. About noon, four young men belonging to Ladybank discovered the men in the wood of Bamorne, the seat of Mr. F. L. Maitland Heriot, sheriff of Forfarshire. One was perched on the top of a tree, apparently stationed there as a look-out, while his two companions were lying asleep at the foot of a rick of hay. One of the young men being left near the spot the others dispersed in search of the police, who being soon found, collected their forces, and made an attempt to surround the thieves. In the meantime, however, the fellows becoming aware of the pursuit, made off. They were hotly pursued by the police, accompanied by a number of the villagers; and, after an exciting chase through the woods, two of them were captured near Bamorne House, and the other was shortly afterwards got hold of about half a mile farther on, the pursuers announcing their success by a loud huzzah. The captives were then duly handcuffed and marched to the station at Ladybank, to await transport to the county prison at Cupar. A search was made near the place where the men were started, for the missing property, which was shortly recovered with success. The bulk of the missing plate was found concealed in rabbit-holes, which abound in the sandy soil of the neighbourhood. It was bound up in a sand-bag and an apron, which was identified as belonging to a servant at Wellfield House.—*The Scotsman*.

ALARM OF FIRE IN A CHAPEL.

On Sunday evening Brickfields Congregational Chapel, Stratford, was the scene of a great excitement in consequence of an alarm of fire being raised in the midst of the service. The chapel, which has lately undergone a thorough cleansing and repair, has only during the past few weeks been re-opened, and on the present occasion the Rev. John Knox Stallybras was officiating for his brother, the Rev. John Stallybras, the pastor of the place. The first chant, prayer, and hymn had been proceeded with, and the Rev. gentleman was reading the first lesson, when many of the congregation exhibited great uneasiness at the strong smell of fire, but from where it proceeded all for some moments seemed at a loss to imagine. As the smell became stronger, the chapel-keeper, Mrs. Bristol, fancying she saw smoke issuing from the vestry-door, walked down the aisle for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the case. On opening the vestry-door a volume of smoke rushed into the chapel, and then a scene of indescribable fear and confusion ensued. The cry of "Fire!" having now been openly raised, the fear of the congregation was increased by another cry, "Take care that the gas does not explode!" It required all the coolness and courage of the most prudent to guard against a panic and catastrophe. There was a general rush to reach the doors, and it being between the lights, and the chapel fast filling with smoke, the excitement was rendered still worse by the darkness of the place. As the outlet at the door was blockaded, and people could not get out quickly enough, many jumped over the pews and endeavoured to reach the doors by scrabbling over the heads and shoulders of others. Shrieks for help now came from the gallery, the staircase of which was literally crammed, and it was only by the greatest efforts that some in their uncontrollable flight were prevented from jumping into the body of the church. At length the chapel was cleared, and the deacons and others having in the meantime gone into the vestry, the congregation, many of whom were waiting outside, were collected together and informed that, though the excitement had been great, there was really very little damage done. It appeared from the statement current that the Rev. gentleman was reading the first lesson, when many of the congregation exhibited great uneasiness at the strong smell of fire, but from where it proceeded all for some moments seemed at a loss to imagine. As the smell became stronger, the chapel-keeper, Mrs. Bristol, fancying she saw smoke issuing from the vestry-door, walked down the aisle for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the case. On opening the vestry-door a volume of smoke rushed into the chapel, and then a scene of indescribable fear and confusion ensued. The cry of "Fire!" having now been openly raised, the fear of the congregation was increased by another cry, "Take care that the gas does not explode!" It required all the coolness and courage of the most prudent to guard against a panic and catastrophe. There was a general rush to reach the doors, and it being between the lights, and the chapel fast filling with smoke, the excitement was rendered still worse by the darkness of the place. As the outlet at the door was blockaded, and people could not get out quickly enough, many jumped over the pews and endeavoured to reach the doors by scrabbling over the heads and shoulders of others. Shrieks for help now came from the gallery, the staircase of which was literally crammed, and it was only by the greatest efforts that some in their uncontrollable flight were prevented from jumping into the body of the church. At length the chapel was cleared, and the deacons and others having in the meantime gone into the vestry, the congregation, many of whom were waiting outside, were collected together and informed that, though the excitement had been great, there was really very little damage done. It appeared from the statement current that the Rev. gentleman had been out for the afternoon, and, having been smoking a cigar, on coming into the vestry, put the remaining part of it into his overcoat pocket, which he hung up. In the pocket he had some fuses, which appear to have ignited and set the coat on fire. It appears that, being entirely of cloth, it only smouldered and smoked, but communicated the fire to other woolen things in the vestry.

CHARGE OF MURDERING A BROTHER.—On Monday, a young man, aged 19, named Thomas Lindard Avery, was charged before the magistrate at Osbaston with having murdered his brother. The facts of the case were as follows:—On the 17th inst. Thomas Avery went to fetch some sheep horns (both the brothers were butchers at Wivelsfield, Sussex), but when he brought them home he was intoxicated. After this the brother, John William Avery, twenty-two, went to the slaughter-house where Thomas Avery was working, and they had some words. They quarrelled and fought. Falling as they struggled, Thomas was under, and he drew a clasp knife, having a long pointed blade, and stabbed his brother. The wounded man rose and ran to the dwelling-house, but his brother pursued him and stabbed him as he went. Here John Avery's wife, to whom he had been married but five months, interposed, and tried to wrest the knife from her brother-in-law. In doing so her hands were seriously cut. On Friday week the prisoner was arrested at his father's house, where he resided, because his brother was dying. In the evening he expired, having made a deposition, wherein he stated that he did not consider that his brother had attacked him in justice, but in anger, for he had quarrelled with him and pushed him down. John Avery was stabbed deeply five times on the right side and twice beneath the right ear. One of these stabs passing the lungs was the immediate cause of death. The prisoner was committed for trial.

SIX SKITS OF CHILDREN.—There is a family in Detroit of quite unusual composition. The father and mother have each been married three times, and have had children by each marriage; and all are now living happily together under one roof—six sets of children.—*American Paper*.

A FAIR.—An elegant pocket Timepiece, warranted to denote correct time, gold appendages, gilt case, &c., included, One Shilling. Parcels free to any part for fourteen stamps. Paul Benson, 34, Brunswick-street, Haggerston, N.E.—[Advertisement].



THE TOWN, DOCKS, HARBOUR, FORTIFICATION

THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH FLEET TO PORT MOUTH.

On the morning of the 29th inst. the fleets of France and England, now anchored together at Brest, will make their formal entry into Spithead, when the splendid *fêtes*, banquets, and balls with which our Lords of the Admiralty and the officers of our fleet have been entertained by our gallant neighbours across Channel will be returned, in some degree, by us, and the good feeling and respect for each other existing between the two greatest maritime Powers of Europe be continued and fittingly celebrated by a courteous interchange of hospitalities.

The combined fleets are expected to arrive off the Isle of Wight during the evening of the 28th, but will not heave in sight from the admiral's flag-ship in Portsmouth Harbour until eight a.m. on the following day. At about that time the Emperor's screw yacht *Reine Hortense*, with her Majesty's paddle yacht *Osborne*, and the Admiralty paddle yacht *Enchantress*, will lead the way in from the Channel for Spithead, followed by the French and English ships, the former holding the post of honour. On board the *Reine Hortense* will most probably be M. de Chasseloup-Laubat, Minister of the French Imperial Marine, and on board the *Osborne* and the *Enchantress* the English Lords of the Admiralty. The English fleet will be composed of the *Edgar*, wooden screw line-of-battle ship, 71 guns, 600 horse power, Captain G. T. P. Horbury, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir S. O. Dafores, K.C.B., commanding the English fleet; the *Black Prince*, 41, screw iron frigate, 1,250 horse power, Captain Lord F. Kerr; the *Achilles*, 26,

screw iron frigate, 1,250 horse power, Captain E. W. Vansittart; the *Hector*, 24, screw iron frigate, Captain G. W. Preedy, C.B.; the *Prince Consort*, 31, screw iron-cased frigate, 1,000-horse power, Captain G. O. Wiles, C.B.; the *Defence*, 16, screw iron frigate, 680-horse power, Captain A. Phillimore; the *Salamis*, 2, paddle despatch yacht, Commander Suttie; and the *Trincomalee* gunboat, Lieutenant-Commander Orsagh.

This fleet may be further strengthened by ships now in the Channel, the *Royal Sovereign*, turreted-ship, being at anchor at Spithead, and the *Research*, iron-cased sloop, anchored in Portland Roads, both of these vessels having formed part of the English fleet which joined the French ships in Cherbourg rade. The French fleet will be largely reinforced for the visit in company with the English fleet to England, the squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Baron de la Roncière *Le Noury* consisting of the two-decked iron-cased ship *Magenta* and the iron-cased frigates *Flander* and *Heroine*, being joined at Brest by the Mediterranean imperial iron-clad squadron, as well as several wooden screw vessels. We understand the imperial fleet on entering Spithead will muster no less than nine iron-clads, besides wooden vessels and smaller craft. Under such circumstances the tri-colour of France will, every one must admit, be worthily represented, as also full honour paid to our own flag by so magnificent and imposing an assemblage in English waters of the iron navy of imperial France. Due preparations are being made by the naval, military, and civic authorities at Portsmouth to give all welcome to the French fleets. The programme is not yet complete in all its details, but we believe the following, as its chief points, will be found to be correct:—On the night of the arrival of

the fleets at Spithead (the 29th instant) the Lords of the Admiralty will give a dinner on board their yacht *Osborne*, at which covers will be laid for about fifty guests, including M. Chasseloup-Laubat, the French Minister of Marine; the Admiral commanding and officers of the French fleet, the Port-Admiral and Admiral-Superintendent at Portsmouth, with captains of ships, &c. On the 30th the Admiralty give a very extensive banquet on board her Majesty's ship *Duke of Wellington*, which will be moored alongside the dockyard for the convenience of visitors. On the 31st Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, G.C.B., Port Admiral and Naval Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, will entertain at dinner, at his official residence in the dockyard, M. Chasseloup-Laubat, the Lords of the Admiralty, and the officers of the French and English fleets, military officers, heads of departments, &c. On the 1st proximo the Admiralty give a grand ball and supper at the Royal Naval College in the dockyard. The extensive quadrangle in the rear of the college is now being boarded over and covered in for the purpose of the ball-room, and if only a tithe of the taste is bestowed upon its ornamentation that was displayed by our lively neighbours in their decorations of the *Hôtel de Ville* at Cherbourg this will be the most brilliant and striking affair of the fêtes. On the 2nd proximo the civic authorities of Portsmouth step on the scene with their offering of a grand banquet, concert, and other entertainments on the *place d'armes* of the garrison—the Governor's Green, and from the spirit being displayed in the matter the citizens of Portsmouth seem inclined to keep up their festivities so long as the French fleet pleases to stay at Spithead. As, however, the combined fleets are expected to sail from Spithead for Plymouth Sound pro-



AND ENVIRONS OF CHERBOURG. (See page 164.)

bably on the 3rd inst., it would be perhaps wise in the people of Portsmouth to curtail their programme, and what they attempt doing to do well.

In addition to the naval and civic preparations we have noticed, another large dinner, or banquet, will be given on board one of her Majesty's ships in harbour, and a grand illumination of the combined fleets at Spithead, as at Cherbourg, is also expected to take place.

The military part of the programme will consist of a parade of troops on Southsea-common, and a review on a small scale. Afterwards, Lieutenant-General Sir George Buller will entertain a large party at luncheon at the Government-House, High-street, Portsmouth. Our military displays—more especially on such a confined strip of land as Southsea-common—we fear can possess but little interest for our coming guests, if we consider the extensive affairs of the kind to which they are accustomed at home. Indeed, to make such a spectacle at all effective all arms of the service should be represented, and there is no cavalry in the Portsmouth or south-west district, excepting a troop of Royal Horse Artillery at Dorchester. A regiment of cavalry could certainly be sent down from Aldershot, and, if no sufficient space for a review proper is available, a "march past" on Southsea-common would be all sufficient, and then the Aldershot cavalry would serve admirably for keeping the ground.

The troops at present in the south-west district comprise only about 6,800, of all arms, from which number must be deducted, say, one-fifth, for guard mounting, hospitals, cooks, &c. The total number is made up of a troop of Royal Horse Artillery at Dorchester, two batteries of field-artillery at Hulme, two brigades of

Garrison Artillery at Portsmouth and Gosport, one company of Royal Engineers, one troop Military Train, part of the 14th and 26th Regiments, the 52nd, 81st, 65th and 87th Regiments, the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and the Royal Marine Artillery.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

THE several boards of the companies interested in the Atlantic Telegraph cable held meetings on Monday to consider their position under the temporary disappointment which has occurred. Of course, at so short a notice no specific course has been definitely settled, but we are at liberty to state that a spirit of the utmost confidence in the realization of a great success during the spring of next year prevailed in every quarter. The necessary overhauling of the Great Eastern's boilers, the construction of new hauling-in gear, the manufacture of new rope, and other work would, it is found, occupy too much time to allow of another expedition being sent to see this year with a certainty of success, but not the slightest doubt exists as to finding with the greatest precision the position of the broken end by solar observation, or raising and rejoining it with proper apparatus in May or June next.

The several companies are animated by the single principle of determination to perfect the telegraphic connexion between Europe and America, and are acting in perfect harmony.

Immediate and energetic action will be taken not only to complete during next spring the laying of the present cable, which has proved to be by recent experience perfectly practicable, but to submerge another by its side, it being the unanimous opinion of the

directors of the Construction Company and those of the Atlantic Telegraph Company that economy and permanent efficiency will be most securely attained by preparing immediately to lay a second cable simultaneously with the completion of the first.

A LADY'S YACHT.—The special correspondent of the *Patrie* at Cherbourg writes as follows:—"Besides the yachts (English) organized in a division, a great many others have arrived and have anchored in our roadstead, opposite the mercantile port. One of them belongs to a widow lady, who commands it herself. She has with her a daughter of eleven, a son of fourteen, a governess, and three women servants. Under her she has twelve sailors, besides an experienced captain, whom she has taken into her pay, and who assists her with his advice, but does not command the ship. The lady is gracious and amiable, and speaks French correctly. Her vessel is in perfect order. She told us that it would be open to all visitors during the *sets*; that her captain would receive the gentlemen and she the ladies."

A GLUT OF COPPER COINAGE.—The new copper or bronze coinage has now become so plentiful that there is great difficulty in having it changed for silver, gold, or paper money. As an instance of this we may mention that a local fishmonger's agent in Glasgow, after receiving a considerable sum in copper from the hawkers, was unable to get it converted into other currency, and was obliged to send it to Greenock in bags; and it has been found that the difficulty of conversion here is as great as in Glasgow. We understand that on a Saturday night a few weeks ago a pawnbroker in town had nearly £90 of copper in his possession.—*Greenock Advertiser*.

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HAYMARKET—The celebrated Chevalier Ira Aldridge, who has not appeared in London for some years, again made his bow before the public at the Haymarket Theatre on Monday evening. Since the "Africaine" first appeared on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre, so. somewhat over thirty years ago, he has acquired a world-wide reputation. In Prussia, Germany, Hungary, Russia, and even beyond the most remote limits of that vast territory, Mr. Ira Aldridge has been accepted as an earnest interpreter of the works of England's greatest dramatist, and honour, dignities, and titles have been the substantial compliments paid to the actor by distinguished foreign audiences, impressed with his accurate delivery of the Shakespearean text, or satisfied at least by the tones of his voice and the significance of his gestures that they have been enlightened as to its meaning. He appeared on Monday as Othello, an assumption for which, on account of his colour, he is evidently qualified by the accidental circumstance that nature has spared him the necessity of artificially darkening his complexion. Beyond his physical attributes realizing the idea formed of the Moor, his conception of the character is good, and it is for the most part thoughtfully and carefully delineated. Long practice has enabled the performer to give adequate effect to his speeches without continually seeking opportunities for personal display; and, more characterized by an even dignity and natural pathos than by vigorous declamation and stormy passion, the impersonation secures the steady approval of the spectator, which gradually arises to admiration. Mr. Walter Montgomery, as the representative of Iago, received considerable applause, though perhaps not so marked as in other characters. The Cassio of Mr. James Fernandez, and the Roderigo of the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, might have been sustained to greater advantage. Miss Madge Robertson gracefully played Desdemona, and Miss Atkinson represented Emilia with her wonted force and intelligence. On the fall of the curtain there was a general recall. The Chevalier was similarly honoured between the acts. The burlesque of "Ixion" terminated the performances. We need scarcely add that a full house welcomed the re-appearance of Mr. Ira Aldridge.

THE THEATRES have this week presented little for public notice, nor indeed shall we have much to record until the general season commences, the principal houses being now closed. The PRINCESS'S still continues to run the attractive "Arrah-na-Pogue," with, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault. "Heart-tricks and Fiddle-strings" and "An Ample Apology" make up the bill of amusement.—At the OLYMPIC, "The Serf" and "Prince Camarazaman" still attract good houses.—At SADLER'S WELLS and the STANDARD the burnt-cork element prevails, each house having a company of Christy Minstrels.—The CITY OF LONDON keeps up an exciting bill with the dramas of "A Farmer's Wrong," "True Till Death," "The Devil Hand," and the burlesque of "Aladdin"—The BRITANNIA has the exciting drama of "The Confederate's Daughter," and the play of "Blight and Bloom."—At the PAVILION, the English Opera company bring their performances to a close this evening (Saturday).—The Grecian, the EFFINGHAM and the ALEXANDRA are doing very good business with their respective attractions.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A great Sunday school excursion and children's concert was held at the Crystal Palace on Monday, under the management of Mr. J. V. Hickmott, of Stepney. About 6,000 children assembled at the Palace shortly before eleven o'clock. A programme was issued, by which it was arranged the friends of the Sunday schools should hold a conference, to be presided over by Mr. Charles Reed, of London, to consider how best to promote the interest of Sunday schools. A heavy fall of rain put a stop to this. The rain descended for some time, and rendered it impossible to hold a conference on the open ground. Some delay followed, and shortly after twelve o'clock the orchestral band of the company played a selection of music in the concert-room. At two o'clock there was a display of the terrace fountains, and immediately after about 300 children took their places in the orchestra and sang upwards of twenty pieces, selections from the Psalms, and ending with the National Anthem. A meeting was subsequently held of the friends of the Sunday schools in the concert-room; William Jull, Esq., presided. A grand organ performance by Mr. James Coward followed, and at its conclusion the children were mustered, and the trains being in readiness they were quickly on their way homeward. The whole proceedings were admirably conducted, no accident occurring, and a very happy and agreeable day was spent.

CHEMORNE GARDENS.—Another successful ascent was made on Monday evening last by M. Delamarre in his sailing balloon, a description of which vessel we have previously given. These delightful gardens were again crowded, and the numerous amusements put forth by Mr. E. T. Smith gave the utmost delight.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—We have already noticed the production here of the "Opera di Camera." The first portion of the new programme now consists of a brief opera, entitled "Widow Bewitched," composed by Miss Virginia Gabriel, with a libretto by Mr. Hamilton Ace. The story, which is exceedingly slight, is laid in the period of the Court of Louis the Fifteenth. Two widow ladies of rank, satiated with the gaieties and gallantries of Versailles, have retired to an excluded chateau near Fontainebleau, and have resolved to exclude the male sex altogether from their list of visitors. They are pursued to their retreat by two of their early admirers, one disguised as an Abbe, and the other as a learned professor of every language and every science. The very farcicalities put in their way are soon overcome, the lovers are triumphant, and the ladies, forced at last to acknowledge the weakness of the resolution they have made, accompany the victorious intruders back to the gay city. On this very fragile framework Miss Virginia Gabriel has embroidered some very pleasing music, which will extend the reputation already acquired by the lady as a tuneful ballad composer. An expressive tumor song, "Love was once a courtier bold," a soprano ballad, "Ohio sat beside the river," and a spirited duet for tenor and soprano, must be mentioned as conspicuously showing the skill of the musician; whilst the quartet, "This is my learned friend," and the ensemble finale will be sure to catch the public ear. The principal share of the music is taken by Miss Augusta Thompson, who will be remembered as having produced a decided impression at Drury Lane last Easter as Sabrina, in "Comus." Her florid singing is remarkably good, and her acting full of vivacity. Miss Emily Pitt, Mr. Whiffin, and Mr. J. A. Shaw sustain the other parts, and, both vocally and dramatically, earned unreserved commendation. To this succeeded "Ching-Chow-Hi," an operatic burlesque of the most uproarious kind, adapted from Offenbach's well-known "Bataclan" by Messrs. German Reed and W. Brough, and full of sparkling music. Ching avows himself a Scotchman, and sympathizes in the motives of their flight, and Ba-ba-whang turns out to be no more a Chinaman than the rest, so he lets them go, and ascends the throne the monarch is so glad to vacate. This whimsical notion of four people talking gibberish, and deceiving each other into the belief of their being Chinese, is illustrated with the drollest situations, which are enlivened by the most exhilarating music. Miss Augusta Thompson displays her bravura powers to

the best advantage, and acts with immense spirit. Mr. Shaw burlesques with great humour the Chinese Caledonian, and Mr. Whiffin and Mr. R. Wilkinson lose no chance of adding to the general diversion. The entertainment thus formed proved an unquestionable success, and will furnish, no doubt for some time, a very prominent addition to the musical novelties of the metropolis.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS—The grand orchestral selection from Meyerbeer's "Africaine," which Mr. Alfred Mellon made one of the especial features of his prospectus this year, was performed at Covent Garden on Monday evening for the first time, and had a great success. The selection began with the overture—more properly "introduction"—and terminated with the famous "Morceau d'Unisson" which precedes the last scene. The other extracts comprised, for the most part, the pieces which were most favourably received at the Royal Italian Opera during the four representations of the "Africaine," or which Mr. Mellon considered were best suited to exhibit the talents of the soloists as well as the band. The "selection," on the whole, has been contrived with remarkable judgment and tact, and is highly creditable to Mr. Mellon's talents. Indeed, a more interesting selection we never heard, nor one laid out better for the single instruments. The applause, which was loud and frequent throughout, rose to a perfect storm when the magnificent "Morceau d'Unisson" was given, and the audience insisted upon its repetition, which, when complied with, was followed by an uproar as call for Mr. Mellon, who came forward to the front of the orchestra, and was received with deafening cheers. To render the performance emphatically what is called a "Meyerbeer Night," there was a selection from other works of the composer, including the grand overture composed for the opening of the International Exhibition, fantasia for the pianoforte on the "Eugene," transcribed by Thalberg, and the romanza, "Robert, tu qui j'aime," from "Roberto il Diavolo." The International Overture—a work not yet sufficiently known—was played magnificently. Mdlle. Marie Krebs played Thalberg's fantasia; and Mdlle. Liebhardt sang the romanza from "Robert." Both ladies were encored enthusiastically, the young pianist substituting for Thalberg's fantasia one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without words," and Mdlle. Liebhardt repeating "Robert, tu qui j'aime." In the miscellaneous part a new waltz, called "Claribel," by Mr. Cootie, and a new quadrille, entitled "The United Service," by Mr. A. F. Godfrey, were introduced, both with decided success. On Thursday a "Haydn and Weber Night" was given.

MR. JOSEPH TUSSAUD—The death of this gentleman, which will be regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, took place at his residence, Baker-street, Portman-square, on the 15th instant. The deceased was in his sixty-ninth year, and was the eldest son of the late Madame Tussaud.

AUBER has received, through the Mexican ambassador at Paris, the Grand Cross of our Lady of Guadalupe, on the occasion of his birthday, with an accompanying eulogium from Emperor Maximilian.

The first new opera to be produced at Covent Garden after the "Africaine" is a composition by Mr. Henry Lea.

At Boulogne, in the Casino, was recently given a splendid concert, at which were heard Mdlle. Carreca Patti, with Leonard and Servais, violinist and violoncellist, from Brussels, and Mdlle. Gayraud, the brilliant rising young French pianist, from Paris.

We hear that the parts of a new play by Mr. Boucicault on the subject of "Rip van Winkle" have been given out at the Adelphi.

We understand that Mr. Weiss has not signed articles of agreement with the English Opera Company, and that the obstacle in the way of an engagement is the company's objection to apparition Mr. Weiss the part of Neusc. A reversion has taken place in the female cast of the "Africaine;" for Miss Louise Pyne is to play Selika, and Madame Sherrington Innes—Orchestra.

MR. W. HARRISON.—We regret to hear that this well-known artiste is seriously ill.

MISS HERBERT will shortly re-open the St James's Theatre Mr. F. Belton, of Drury Lane Theatre, and present issues of the Theatre Royal Exeter, will be the stage-manager.

"ARRAH-NA-POGUE".—The following curious calculation has been made in connexion with the above drama. It is now simultaneously performed in London, Manchester, New York, San Francisco, and Melbourne, Australia. We say simultaneously, in so far that to-day it will be played in three quarters of the globe. But the difference in time between the cities named has this singular effect—that "Arrah-na-Pogue" is being played all the day long, for when the great Tower Sossie is reached in Manchester and in London, Arrah's cabin door is first opened before her friends in New York, and when the New Yorkers rise from their enjoyment of the play the San Franciscans sit down to it.

SAM COLLINS'S MUSIC HALL.—A benefit concert took place at this favourite hall on Thursday evening last, for the benefit of the widow and orphans of the late Mr. Harry Copeland, author of "Jolly Dicks," "Bitter Beer," and numerous other popular songs. He died on Friday morning, the 11th inst. He was chairman of the hall at the period of the death of poor Sam Collins, and, as will be seen, did not long survive him. Mr. Harry Sydney managed the present concert, which, we are glad to say, was crowded to overflowing.

THE BABY ACTRESS.—This precocious little infant, only two years and ten days old, has been reading and acting a whole scene from "King John," at Westbourne Hall, Paddington. She has also given comic sketches, sung a sea song, and danced in character. To add to the novelty and attraction of the entertainment, Mrs. Alfred Howard has also given comic sketches and dramatic recitals.

DEATH RESULTING FROM TOOTHACHE.—The death of Mr. Charles Archer, an aged chorister well known in Nottinghamshire, has just been announced. The deceased suffered much from an aching tooth, and after the extraction of it he caught cold, which led to erysipelas.

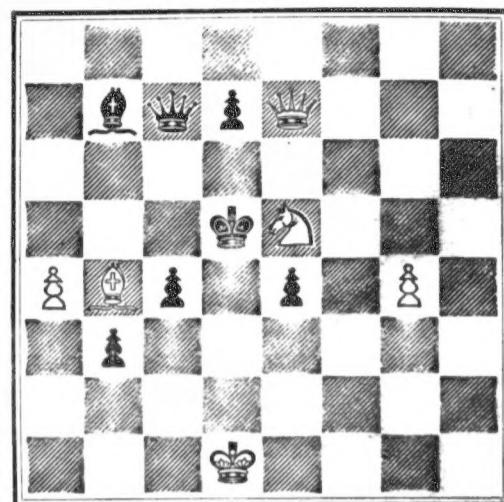
THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—At the Royal Insurance Company's meeting, held last week, a very satisfactory report was presented of its position and prosperity. The fire premiums received in the last year were £406,404 against £341,668 for the preceding twelve months. The sum assured by new life policies granted within the year amounted to £1,014,897, yielding a new premium £32,708. The quinquennial report on the life branch exhibits in a full and exhaustive manner the condition of this section of the business, and details minutely the experience of the company as regards mortality, accumulations, expenditure, and claims; the result being a declaration of bonus to the life policy holders of £2 per cent per annum, to be added to the sum assured of every policy entitled to participate for each entire year it had been in existence since the last division of profits. This rate of bonus is, we believe, the largest ever continuously given by any insurance company, and is the same as the Royal has allotted at the two previous divisions. The report is especially interesting to every one concerned in this class of financial operations, as it contains many illustrations of a general character as to the principles which should govern such an institution, and also several important and easily intelligible diagrams, showing the relation between expected and actual deaths, &c. It would be well if all other life companies would present so clear and full a statement of their affairs. The dividend to the shareholders was 10s. per share, being the largest which the company has yet given.

A MARVEL OF CURIOSITY.—An elegant pocket dial, with appendages, warrant to denote correct time, 1d. and 3d. each, in handsome gilt case 6s.; post free, 1d. extra. Agents Wanted by the Patentee, Arthur Granier, 308, High Holborn, and 95 and 96, Borough, London.—[Advertisement.]

Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 288.—By C. W. (of Sunbury).

Black.



Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

MAN IN HOUSE.

INCINEROUS SWINDLER.—It will be remembered that a few days back Mr. Heath, the Italian consul, waited upon the Lord Mayor for the purpose of exposing a system of fraud which had been attempted upon some of the high ecclesiastical authorities in Turin, by some persons who styled themselves Mallet and Co., and who wrote from London, stating that they were in receipt of some cases which appeared to contain property of great value, and that the parties to whom they were addressed could have them upon forwarding the sum of £8, the expenses for transmission. Mr. Heath produced four letters of the description, which had been forwarded to him from the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Turin. On Monday, the Lord Mayor received a communication from the Spanish consul, stating that he had received from individuals in Spain three letters of precisely similar character, which were sent by persons subscribing themselves William Hubbard and Co., of 20, Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, W., London, styling themselves "American, Australia, Brazil, Cuba, India, Japan, Mexico, &c., Pacific Express Navigation Company, No. 1027." The letters state that the writers have received packed containing valuable documents relating to legacies, and that they will be forwarded upon the payment of the expenses, which were stated to be about £1.

BOW STREET.

CAPTURE OF A SUSPECTED GANG OF PICKPOCKETS.—Three men, named Thomas Johnson, Richard Johnson, and Pearce, were placed before Mr. Flowers, charged with stealing a watch. From the evidence it appeared that the prisoner was leaving the steamboat pier at London bridge, when the three men surrounded him and robbed him of his watch. He was unable to secure either of the men, and as they ran away he heard someone call out, "We've got three of them." The watch produced was his property. A police-constable said he was on the pier at the time of the robbery. He had previously observed the three prisoners there. He saw Thomas Johnson take the watch and hand it to Richard. He (the constable) went up and apprehended Richard Johnson immediately, and on putting his hand into his trousers pocket he found the watch in it. He also found another watch on Thomas Johnson. In answer to the charge, Thomas Johnson said one of the watches was his own, and with respect to the other the constable did not take it from his left but his right hand side-pocket. Richard Johnson said the policeman was mistaken, as he had not been taken on the pier to do as he was accused. Pearce said nothing. All the prisoners were fully committed for trial.

WESTMINSTER.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE IN A MUSIC-HALL.—Fanny Barry was charged with having attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum. Sergeant Purches, 10 B, said that having received information that the prisoner had attempted to commit suicide at the Sun Music Hall, King's-road, he went on Thursday to St. George's Hospital, where she had been conveyed, and had received the necessary medical aid. She admitted that she had taken laudanum, and as it was a season recent treatment from a private in the Buses. She said she had no friends in London, where she had been living five years up to last winter, when she paid a visit to her friends in Devonshire, and then again returned to the music-halls and renewed an intimacy with the soldier in question, with whom she has been acquainted three years. She complained that she had dispensed of all her money, and that he had knocked her down. A witness stated that the defendant took the laudanum in front of the soldier. She had previously complained of the soldier's ill-usage, and had threatened to poison herself. When it was found she had taken the laudanum she was immediately conveyed to the hospital. Defendant, in reply to the magistrate, said that she was only twenty years of age, and had been four years getting her living upon the streets. She had not been seduced by the soldier, but had become intimate with him afterwards. She said she was sorry she had taken the laudanum, but repeated it was through the soldier's ill-treatment. She was remanded, and at her request, a summons was issued against the soldier for the assault of which she complained.

STANZAS DISCLOSED.—Margaret Turner, 17, servant was charged with stealing of a sheet. Prisoner was servant to Mrs. Muir, the wife of Mr. Muir, the geographer, 319, Vauxhall-bridge-road, Lambeth, and a week ago she went to Mrs. Brookin, a laundress, in Gray's-inn-place, Holborn-street, Finsbury, upon business, stealing a sheet, which she pawned. Mr. Selfe received several letters from Dr. Muir, complaining that the prisoner had stolen and pawned his books, and having inquired from pawnbrokers whether such were correct, some facts were elicited which caused Mr. Selfe to send for Dr. Muir. The servant declared that Mrs. Muir had pawned the books. Dr. Muir attended, and Mr. Selfe said he thought it very unfair on his part to have written these letters, considering the statements of facts that had been laid before him. He had thought it requisite to make some inquiries, and he felt bound to tell Dr. Muir that the result of those inquiries seriously implicated Dr. Muir. He had charged prisoner with stealing these books, but it was clear by the statement of the pawnbroker that she had pledged two of them, and he held in his hand a document which Mrs. Muir had at the time given to the assistant who took them in, impressing upon them the need to keep it quiet, as she did not wish it to be known. It was not likely that the others had been pledged without the person pledging had been desired to do so, as they were in the name of Sarah Muir. The prisoner had done it without their knowledge, she would not have given that name and address fearing detection. Prisoner said her mistress had told her to pledge them. As far as circumstances went he should take that as the true state of the case. Dr. Muir has acted hastily and should not have written this extra statement behind the girl's back. Dr. Muir said he was most sure of it, and his wife had informed him that she had pledged two and no more, and was ready to swear it. Prisoner asked Dr. Muir whether he had not found out his wife's misconduct, and taken the books out of her reach, having found them concealed under the drawers ready to be taken away. Dr. Muir replied: He found the library being thinned, and directed prisoner to take the books up-stairs, and she stole them and afterwards pledged them. It was very difficult to get the train, as prisoner was a wicked story-teller. Mr. Selfe observed he must beg leave to say that a woman in Mrs. Muir's position who would conceal these facts from her husband was not one on whose testimony he could place much value. Dr. Muir of course knew best what was his wife's motive in pledging, and where the money had gone. Dr. Muir said he did not believe his wife had sent all the books to the pawnbroker's. Mr. Selfe told prisoner that he thought, considering the example set her, there was some slight extenuation in the offence. He must, however, sentence her to a term of imprisonment for stealing the sheet—absolving her from the other charge—and he hoped that she would speak to the captain in prison, who would obtain her an entrance into an institution where she would be taken care of with a view to her reformation and employment in some respectable situation. It was a bad case, and he felt it his duty now to sentence her to three months' hard labour, and hoped she would prove by what he had stated. Dr. Muir applied for the books, valued at £4, but Mr. Selfe told him he could not have them except in the general way of business.

CRUEL HUSBAND OF A POOR WIDOW.—John Edwards was charged with literally stripping a furnished apartment he had rented of a poor widow and unmercifully disposing of the property. Anne Elsmerton, a widow-woman, residing at 61, Westbourne-terrace, Finsbury, said she got her living by letting furnished apartments. At the end of last autumn the prisoner and a person, represented to be his wife, came to lodge with her. They suddenly absconded in November last, leaving the place stripped of all the portable articles of their, &c., and a letter, enclosing sixteen pawn-brokers' tickets of her goods, informing her, that after Christmas, when he got some employment, he would come and redeem the things. She never saw or heard anything of the prisoner until she met him in the neighbourhood of Sutton-crescent and gave him into custody. Prisoner said he had intended to do what was right if he had had time, but he was taken into custody. Mr. Arnold said, he thought this was a very cruel robbery. There was no excuse for such conduct as to have been guilty of it. He had pawned the poor woman's things, and absconded with the proceeds in November, and nothing was heard of him until he was found by a constable near St. Albans. There was no appearance of honesty about that. Had there been he would have gone to the poor woman and done something to show it. Prisoner said he had pawned the things to pay the rent. Mr. Arnold asked whether he owned any rent at the house he absconded from? The poor woman replied, 12s. Prisoner observed, he thought it hard he should have been given into custody when his intentions were honest. Mr. Arnold said he thought the very contrary, and he must say that there was generally much kind feeling in persons of the prosecutor's description to those who were poor, but he had used her ill. He was remanded.

CLERKENWELL.

A BARTAL TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.—John Hunt, aged 33, a low-looking fellow, who described himself as of no occupation, but who is well known to the police as a thief, and a ticket-of-leave man, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with feloniously cutting and wounding his wife, Sarah Hunt, wife intent to do her some grievous bodily harm, at 9, Baldwin-gardens, Gray's-inn-lane. Mr. H. Allen, prosecuting officer of the Associate Institution for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women, intended to watch the case. The wife, a poor, half-starved, sickly-looking

woman, who appeared very ill, said that she was stabbed in three places on her arm. On Saturday morning the prisoner, who was not living with her for some time—in fact, he only came out of the House of Correction on the Saturday previous, where he had been under confinement for five months—sent a boy to her, and said that a gentleman wanted to see her. Knowing who it was she told the boy to say that she was not at home. The prisoner no sooner received the message than he came to her apartment, broke open the door, and made use of most violent threats, and said he would break up the house and do for her. After he had caused her for some time he went away, and between six and two on Sunday morning returned. After making a great disturbance he brandished a sheath-knife and said he would be hung at Newgate for his wife. He then made a threat at her with the knife, and she was putting up her hands got cut in three places. She bled a great deal, and fell on the floor, and then her husband kicked her on the side of the head, and said he could not do for her in one way he would in another. He attempted to throttle her, and then knelt on her stomach and nearly squeezed the breath out of her body. Had it not been for assistance coming she was afraid that she should have lost her life. She was taken to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, where she was attended to by the house surgeon, and her body was now enveloped in surgical bandages. She is now very ill; her body was bruised all over, and the false pains from wounds in her arms, which the surgeon stated were deep, but not dangerous. Mr. D'Eyncourt: Do you say that he deliberately stabbed at you? Witness: I am certain that he did so. He has on many occasions said he would murder me and the children, as he should not mind swinging at Newgate for such a lot as us. Mr. D'Eyncourt: What is the reason that he behaves to you in such a desperate manner? Witness: Because I will not go out to live. He has told me that I have no occasion to work hard to keep myself and family if I would only live with him and go thieving with him. Mr. D'Eyncourt: Was the prisoner ever ill-used you previous to this? Witness: About nine years ago they gave him six months' hard labour for beating me and my child. He is a most dreadfully violent character. The prisoner: When I got my three years' penal servitude, had you not part of the money, and did you not then go out thieving with me? Witness: No, and because I could not be the reason of all that. Mr. D'Eyncourt: I am not inquiring whether you or your wife are thieves; that has nothing to do with the case. Mrs. Harriet Blackmore said she resided in the next room to the complainant, and heard the prisoner threaten to murder her. She also saw the prisoner hit his wife in the face and kick her. She heard a dreadful fall in the room, and heard the prisoner make use of dreadful oaths. The complainant was a very hard working woman. Police-constable Turner, 157 G, said when he took the prisoner into custody, the complainant was covered with blood. The prisoner he knew to be a most desperate character. The prisoner said his wife first assaulted him, and he hit her in self-defence. Mr. D'Eyncourt said the prisoner was a violent fellow, and remanded him.

YOUNG THIEVES AND THEIR CAPTAIN.—John Groves, aged 18, a singular-looking fellow, who described himself of no occupation, and Mr. and Mrs. Banks and Miss Bockett, respectively aged eleven, were charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt in picking pockets in the Baker-road, Paddington. From the evidence of Newbold, 15, N., and Dudley, 128 N., two plain-clothes officers, it appeared that they were proceeding down the Baker-road on the previous evening, when, seeing the prisoners in conversation, their suspicions were aroused, and they watched them. The older prisoner, having given the younger prisoners some instructions, went into a crowd of persons, followed by the officers, and having taken "stock" out, having noted at the crosses of the females—then beckoned for his companion, and they went up and tried the pockets of two or three females. Not succeeding in attaining their object there, they went higher up the road, and all the way the same course of practice was pursued. After watching them for an hour the officers saw one of the younger prisoners remove a purse from the pocket of a lady and pass it to Groves, and before it could put it into his pocket he was taken into custody with the purse in his hand. From the inquiries that the officers had made, they had little doubt but that the elder prisoner acted as captain of a gang of young thieves. All the prisoners had been previously convicted, and were known as companion. The prisoners said they were out for a walk, and had no intention of picking pockets, and they were not aware that they had done so. Mr. D'Eyncourt said the prisoners would be remanded for the production of the certificates of the previous convictions, and then they would be committed for trial, and he had no doubt but that the younger prisoners would be sent to a reformatory.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

CHARGE OF ASSAULT BY A FATHER ON HIS DAUGHTER.—Samuel Martin, a coffee-shop keeper at 6, Union-square, New Bond-street, was charged before Mr. Knox, on a warrant, with violently assaulting his daughter, Elizabeth Sarah Martin, about fourteen years of age. The complainant said: The prisoner is my father. Last Wednesday week, about six o'clock in the evening, my father beat me I quarrelled with my step mother, who had been gambling at me till I did not know what I was about. She told my father when he came in, and he beat me with a walking stick till it broke, and then he used a broom. He struck me with it twice on the head. My head was cut and bled a great deal, and my back was covered with bruises. Nothing was done to my head, only I bled it a little. I did not complain. I ran away, and my father caught me and took me back to Mr. Knox. From what was said when the warrant was applied for I thought you had been to your uncle. Girl: I should like to get Mr. Dr. James Miller, tradesman, of No. 3, Union-square, who was mainly instrumental in the proceedings being taken, said: On the day in question I heard terrible screams, and saw the poor girl run into the street. She was going to run to me for protection, but went on. Her hair was clotted with blood. The prisoner was found in the street. The prisoner got inside and said he would serve any one else the same. The blood at the time was running all down the girl's neck and arms on to the pavement. When I pointed the prisoner he asked if it had anything to do with me. Prisoner: But you did not see me do it. Mr. Mills: But I have often heard you tease her. You said you would do as you liked with your child, and serve your neighbours the same if they interfered. Michael O'Shannessy, one of the warrant officers, said: I apprehended the prisoner, and he said it was hard that he could not catch his own child. He said he had called his wife names, and he struck her. On the way to the station he said he was sorry for it. The prisoner called a witness, who merely deposed to hearing the girl and her step-mother quarrelling. Mr. Knox: It is my intention to remand the case. The prosecutor has opened a case of very brutal and excessive violence against the prisoner. Without disputing a parent's right to chastise his child, still at the same time there are limits to that. A parent has no right to inflict his child with a broomstick in the manner described. I will take a week's reflection. Prisoner: Will you take bail? There is no one to look after my business. Mr. Knox: I will take two bail in £35 each for the prisoner, on condition that the girl in the meantime goes to her uncle, and at the expiration of that term they must return to the institution.

ITALIAN PADRON AND THEIR VICTIMS.—Pietro Bazzini and Giuseppe Spinelli, two Italian boys, were charged before Mr. Knox with beggary. The prisoners were both brought before Mr. Knox a few days ago, but remanded that same day from the Italian Benevolent Society, which attended, and Signor Lucano, the secretary of the society, was present as also was Mr. Lewis, son, of E-y-place, for the prisoners. Thomas Evans, 113 O, said that he saw the prisoners in the Regent's-circus begging, and followed them and saw them receive money, and then took them into custody. In answer to Mr. Lewis, the constable said the prisoners did not speak, but only made motions and held up their hands. They had monkeys in their bags but did not point to them. He had taken into custody no other Italian children for some time. He saw persons give the prisoners money, and on searching them at the station found £6 on one of them and £4 on the other. Mr. Lewis said he did not know whether his worship would consider what the boys had done into beggary. Mr. Knox said he might as well lay at one door as the other. Mr. Lewis remarked that the prisoner had already suffered a week's imprisonment and he had a person present who would take care of them. Mr. Knox said his only object in remanding the boys was to see whether he could not do some good for them, it being well known to everybody that a parcel of these children were brought here by a party of scoundrels who lived upon them. Mr. Lewis said the person who was willing to take them was an organ builder and a respectable man. He said the person who wanted to take charge of the boys was the brother of the person who sent them out beggary. Mr. Knox said that when he found the padrons engaged a person like Mr. Lewis to fight their battles for them, he was convinced that they must be greatest profiteers by the boys, the more especially, as when he found that the person who was so anxious to take them was a relative of the person who sent them out beggary. Signor Lucano stated that the boys did not wish to go back to Italy. Mr. Knox said he considered the traffic such a prolific evil and of so vile a nature that he would send the boys in a man-of-war if they were brought before him, and that would at all events do them no harm on the streets for a month. If the boys, however, altered their minds and were willing to go back to their own country he would let his discretion prevail. The boy, a good-looking Italian girl, about two years of age, was also charged with beggary, always having proved the case, said to have been four times to Saffron-hill to see a woman called Madame Cecilia, and every time she was too late in Paris. Mr. Lewis said he had a person present who would take charge of the girl. One of about twenty padrons who were in court stepped forward. Mr. Knox said he would not hear a word from him. Bruce said that every time he had been to the house where the girl lived, he saw the man who had stepped forward, and he told him that Madame Cecilia had gone to Paris, but a woman answering her

description had called several times at St. James's Workhouse after the girl. Mr. Knox observed that the girl looked much better since she had been in the workhouse. Bruce said that he had learnt that Madame Cecilia had four or five of these children, and that if they brought home uncleaned meat or bread to them, if not, they had to sleep in the streets all night. The girl said that she was employed by the woman in Paris beggary, and that then she was brought here. Mr. Knox said it was her master, Mr. Lewis said he was not; there for a moment to defend the system of sending these children out to beg. Signor Lucano said the girl had told him that she should like to go back to Italy. The person abduced to above again stepped forward, but Mr. Knox ordered him to be put back, and said he would not give her up to any one concerned in the abominable traffic. The whole thing was perfectly hideous. Whenever one of these children was brought before him, there was a cabal who advanced a parcel of lies, the only object being to get the children back. He would remand the girl for a week, with the view of taking steps to get her back to Italy. There was no person in this country who had a legitimate claim over her, and therefore he could do as he liked with her. Signor Lucano said he could send the girl back in a week or a fortnight. Mr. Knox said he would do nothing with the girl, but send her back to her parents in Italy; and the persons he saw present—the padron, most of whom were well dressed, and evidently well off—had better not show their faces again, or perhaps they might have summonses for aiding and abetting in sending the children out to beg. The girl was then remanded, with a view of being sent home.

THAMES.

ESPECIAL CASE OF ASSAULT.—A married Irish couple, named Daniel and Ellen Sullivan, were brought before Mr. Page, charged with violently assaulting William Hammond, a bricklayer's labourer. The story related by the complainant, whose eye was dislocated and face swollen, was that he was set outside his own door in Gregory's-avenue, Bexley-fields, Shadwell, the previous evening, when the male prisoner, who was drunk and noisy, asked him to shake hands. He refused to do so, and told him not to come near him, and that he did not want to associate with him. Daniel Sullivan abused him and then left. Soon afterwards, while he was inside his house singing a song and amusing his wife and children, the prisoner burst open the door of his room and entered. Both attacked the complainant—the wife seized him by the hair of the head and pummelled him, while the husband struck him on the eye with his fist and blackened it. The son of the prisoner, a boy seven years of age, was standing by, and after Daniel Sullivan knew the complainant on the floor he called to the boy to rip him open. After some more scuffling and fighting, the complainant got away and called the police. Who took the prisoners into custody—the wife or the husband? Mrs. Hammond, the complainant's wife, was called, and her evidence was very different from her husband's. She said the black eye was inflicted while she was in the house, and that the boy called out, "I have a knife, father; shall I rip him open?" Mr. Young, solicitor, said the complainant obtained his black eye while on strike, and that he struck the first blow, and there was a regular fight. Mr. Page said the law enabled him to swear the complainant and his wife, but not the defendant and his wife. The complainant said the black eye was inflicted inside the house by Daniel Sullivan with his fist; Mrs. Hammond said the blow was inflicted outside the house with a tin can. There were other discrepancies, and probably both statements were inexact. He discharged the prisoners.

SOUTHWARK.

ESCAPE OF THREE YOUNG CIVILIERS FROM A REFORMATORY ASYLUM.—Charles Dawsbury, 16, John Myers, 17, and Thomas Wilson, 16, were placed at the bar, charged with absconding from Bed Hill Reformatory Asylum, where they had been sent by the Government. Mr. John Freeman, the secretary of the Pauperization Institution and Reformatory School, Mid-hill, said that the prisoners were sent there by the magistrate as convicts. They worked in the fields with other lads, and were well fed and lodged. On the previous Tuesday they managed to evade the vigilance of the officer and made their escape, but were recaptured by the police. The magistrates asked the prisoners what they had to say for themselves. Dawsbury, who took the lead, said they were nearly starved. They had to work very hard, and did not have sufficient food. His worship asked what they had to do. Dawsbury said they were called to work at six in the morning. They had an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner, and left at six o'clock. They worked in the fields very hard. His worship asked what food they had. Defendant replied that for breakfast they had eight ounces of bread and a pint of milk; for dinner, meat and potatoes or soup, and eight ounces of bread, and for tea and supper eight ounces of bread and a pint of milk. That was not sufficient for them. The magistrate told them that they had a great deal more than half the poor and honest people in that district got. He considered their fare excellent, and their appearance did not show they were starving. They seemed to be a bad lot, but unless they promised to go back to the institution and behave themselves better he must commit them to prison. Dawsbury replied that they wanted to go to prison. They would sooner go there than return to the institution, as they would be flogged. His worship told them that they were ill-qualified men, and did not appreciate the kindness afforded them. As they refused to go back to the institution he must pass a sentence on them which would act as punishment. He sentenced each of them to fourteen days' hard labour, with bread and water only, and at the expiration of that term they must return to the institution.

LAMBETH.

ALLEGED ABDUCTION OF A YOUNG LADY.—Mr. Clark, a solicitor, applied on Saturday to the Hon. G. O. Norton for a warrant against a gentleman bearing a German name, and residing within the district, for the abduction of a young lady under the age of twenty-one years from the house of her aunt, her only friend and guardian. Mr. Clark said that for the last twelve or fourteen years the young lady, who had lost both father and mother, resided with her aunt and guardian, and there could be no doubt that an intimacy sprang up between her and the gentleman, a widower between forty and fifty, with five or six children, while she was only nineteen and a half years old. This widow resulted in her leaving the house of her aunt and going to live with the gentleman. His application therefore was to ask his worship for a warrant under the 43rd section of the 14 and 15 Vict., for the apprehension of the lady from the house of her natural guardian, residing under the age of twenty-one. Mr. Norton: Is the lady on whose behalf you apply entitled to any property? Mr. Clark: She is, to considerable property, which she takes under the will of her father. Mr. Norton: The clause in the Act of Parliament under which you apply, and which you have pointed out to me, runs thus: "When any woman, of any age, shall have any interest, whether legal or equitable, present or future, absolute, conditional, or contingent, in any real or personal estate, or shall be a presumptive heiress or co-heiress, or presumptive next of kin, or one of the presumptive next of kin, to any one having such interest; whatsoever claim, from motives of fact, take away or restrain such woman against her will, with intent to marry or carnally know her, or to cause her to be married or carnally known by any other person; and whatsoever shall fraudulently allure, take away, or detain such woman, being under the age of twenty-one, out of the possession and against the will of father or mother, shall be guilty of felony." Now I want to know whether the young lady is detained against her will. Mr. Clark: She is, to my knowledge, in Chancery, but the doubt of a marriage is an impediment to that. Mr. Norton: Have you endeavoured to ascertain whether she is married or not? Mr. Clark: I have, sir. I have called on the gentleman from the aunt, and requested him to let me know for her satisfaction whether they were married or not. At first he told me they were married, but refused to say where, and ultimately said he should let me know about it; but all I have since heard from him is a letter, in which he refers me to his solicitor, Mr. Norton: I beg, I cannot give you any assistance in the matter, but should recommend you to persevere in your efforts to make the young lady a ward of the Court of Chancery.

WANDSWORTH.

THE FAIR DAIRYMAID AND HER GROOMING.—A young man named Thomas Legg, who was described as a milkman, was charged by Mary Ann Cudbrook, a fair young maid, living in Harely-street, Battersea-park, with committing a violent and unprovoked assault upon her. The complainant said she was a dairywoman, in the same service as the prisoner. On the previous night she was returning home along the Victoria-road, Battersea, when the prisoner came up to her and said that as he had caught her she should give her a good flogging. As soon as he had her he struck her three times on the face. The witness showed her right cheek which was very much swollen. Mr. Legg inquired the cause of the assault, and the witness said it was because she would not walk out with him. The prisoner said he had been keeping company with her, and her father caught her in a public-house with two soldiers. He (the prisoner) is a fellow with the soldiers, and he snatched her face. Mr. Legg (to the complainant): Were you in company of two soldiers? Complainant: I was in company of one soldier. He is a Grenadier. Mr. Legg: Do you wish to stop his company? Complainant: Yes, sir (laughing). Mr. Legg: And you told the police? Complainant: No, sir. He spoke to me on Sunday, and threatened to cut off my head. He took up a knife, and threatened to cut off my head afterwards. Mr. Legg told the prisoner that after what occurred on Sunday he had no reason to suppose that she wished to have anything to do with him. He fined the prisoner 10s., with the alternative of fourteen days' hard labour. The prisoner was locked up in default

THE HOP HARVEST.

The southern counties of England, particularly Surrey and Kent, are now about to yield their valuable produce of hops. The common hop, *Humulus lupulus*, is propagated either by nursery plants or by cuttings. These are set in hills, formed by digging holes in the spring, which are filled with fine mould, and the number of which



HOPS STARVED BY EXPOSURE TO COLD WINDS.

varies from 800 to 1,000, or 1,200 per acre. One, two, or three plants are put in each hill; but, if hops are designed to be raised from cuttings, four or five of these, from three to four inches in length, are planted, and covered one inch deep with fine mould.

At the end of the first year it becomes necessary to put poles into the hills, round which the bines reared from plants are wound; at the expiration of the second year, full-sized poles, from fifteen to twenty feet, are set (though the hop-bines will run to the height of fifty feet), in the proportion of two poles to each hill, and a similar number of hop-plants are fastened loosely round each pole, by means of withered rushes. Hops begin to flower about the latter end of June or the beginning of July. The poles are now entirely covered with verdure, and the peacock flowers appear, in



A WELL-DEVELOPED BUNCH OF HOPS STOPPED IN ITS GROWTH BY WANT OF SUN.

clusters and light festoons. The hops, which are the only seed-vessels of the female plants, are, when the seed is formed (generally about the end of August), picked off by women and children; for this purpose the poles are taken up with the plants clinging to them. The seeds are then dried over a charcoal fire, exposed to the air for a few days, and packed in sacks and sent to market.

The culture of hops, though profitable when it succeeds, is very precarious. As soon as the plant appears above ground, it is attacked by an insect somewhat similar to a turnip-fly, which devours the young heads. Hop-gardens situated on chalky soils are peculiarly subject to its depredations. In the months of June and July the hops are liable to be blown by a species of aphid, or fly.

HOPS STUNTED BY SUPERABUNDANT MOISTURE.



BUNCH OF VERY FINE HOPS.

The hop is a most valuable plant; in its wild state it is relished by cows, horses, goats, sheep, and swine. When cultivated, its young tops are eaten, early in the spring, as substitutes for asparagus, being wholesome and aperient. Its principal use, however, is in brewing malt liquors, communicating that fine bitter flavour to our beer, and making it keep for a longer time than it would do. Hops also serve some important purposes in medicine.

On the present page we give several illustrations of growing hops, showing them in a healthy state, and those which are diseased through various circumstances.

A BUNCH OF WELL-GROWN HOPS



ON THE ROCKS AT HASTINGS.

BY THE SEA-SIDE—HASTINGS.

THERE are plenty of "old inhabitants" who remember Hastings when it was a small fishing town, containing some three or four thousand people; a corporate town, it is true, with a mayor, jurats, and a privilege of sending members to parliament, and, moreover, a Cinque Port; but, nevertheless, a very dull town, with narrow, dirty streets. But now the town, including St. Leonard's, extends in a continuous line along the shore from the old town in the east to the esplanade in St. Leonard's in the west, upwards of three miles.

Generally, all that you can get in a watering place on our southern and eastern coasts is sea and inland, barren hills or extensive flats; but at Hastings you have a noble esplanade fronting the sea, lofty heights, a beautiful undulating country, with lovely glens clothed with wood. So that if you want a sea view, there it is, spacious and ample, extending before you as far as eye can reach, and right and left, from Beachy Head to Dungeness Point. And you may wander when the tide is down along the sands many more miles than you are ever likely to be inclined to walk, or you may promenade, or ride, or lounge on a noble continuous parade, with sea on one side and handsome houses on the other. Or if your love of nature be ambitious, there are heights about the town rising

some 400 feet, commanding on the south an interminable expanse of ocean, and on every other side a range of picturesque and varied scenery, stretching inland beyond the horizon of vision. But, perhaps, you affect solitude, want a cool retreat from the glare of the sun, the noise and bustle of the world, some "boundless contiguity of shade," in which undisturbed you can read and reflect. Well, that you can get at the expense of not more than twenty minutes' walk, for there are wooded glens into which the beams of the sun never penetrate, and where but few visitors ever intrude. In short, Hastings is altogether a most desirable retreat for all sorts of people. To walk, to climb, to bathe, to boat, there is everything here to be desired.

The origin of the town of Hastings, Dryasdust, with all his burrowing, has not been able to discover. It is more than probable that in so convenient a bay as this there was always some town ever since the inhabitants of the island began to paddle in the sea for the purposes of fishing or commerce. It seems to be pretty certain that the Romans had a station here; quite clear that it was an important town in the reign of Offa, King of the Mercians, about the year 790; and it is unquestioned that Hastings had a mint and coined money in the reign of Athelstan (924), for in addition to the evidence of existing records, coins of that reign have been found that were stamped here. The name was for some time believed to have been derived from one Hasting, a dreadful

old bogey of a Danish pirate, who established his quarters in this locality; but that was always questionable: and now the popular theory amongst antiquarians is, that as it is known that there was a tribe of people in Sussex called Hestingi, the town got its name from them. But it is still an open question whether the people gave the name to the town or the town to the people. One thing, however, is quite certain—it has always been called, as far back as history carries us, by the name of Hastings; but who were the godfathers and godmothers who gave it that name, history tells us little that is certain.

On Sunday, shoals of Londoners swarm upon the beach, wandering listlessly about, with apparently no other aim than to get a mouthful of fresh air. You may see them in groups of three or four; the husband—a pale overwrought man, dressed in black frock-coat, figured waistcoat, and bright blue tie—carries the baby; the wife, equally pale and thin, decked out in her best, labours after with a basket of "progs." And then there is generally another child, one removed above the baby, wandering aimlessly behind. The load is clearly too heavy for the poor woman, but as they cannot afford to "put up" anywhere, she must bear the burden until church-time is over; and then the public-houses will be open, a quart of porter in the pewter will be forthcoming, and the family will dine *al fresco* upon the beach, and the poor woman's burden will be more equally distributed.

Literature.

OLD TILLY.

"Easy as Old Tilly," was long a proverbial saying, and persistent investigation has resulted in evolving the true meaning of the phrase, and the character and some incidents in the history of that extraordinary man; and though all of us may not be able to imitate, we can at least emulate him, and perhaps become wiser and happier by making Old Tilly our exemplar.

He was a man remarkable for coolness and good humour under all adversities; and whatever calamity happened to him, his easy philosophy always modified and often wholly disarmed the misfortune of its sting.

Tradition has it that Old Tilly was once on a journey a-foot to pay a debt, at a long distance from his home. It was a large sum, and he had the money about him, all in gold. Passing through a forest, in order to make a short cut, and save a few miles, he found that the longest way round would have been the shortest way there; for there was a band of robbers in the wood, and they seized, bound, and robbed him, and gave him till morning to prepare for death, to prevent accidents. At sunrise he was waited upon by the considerate ruffians, who asked him if he was ready to die.

Old Tilly laughed loudly at this.

"What are you laughing for?" demanded they, fiercely flourishing their weapons.

"At such a ridiculous question."

"Why ridiculous?"

"Because, what matters it whether I am ready, so long as you are?"

"It is a great matter to you; you are the person most interested."

"You are very polite. Is that why you consult me?"

"Are you ready? No fooling—time's short."

"Not so short for you as for me. But I'd like to know precisely what you mean by 'ready'?"

"Have you said your prayers?"

"Yes, all my life."

"Have you made your peace with heaven?"

"That's very religious of you; but I can't think I have, or heaven wouldn't suffer me to die in this way."

"But you must die. We want no witness of the robbery. So, once for all, are you ready?"

"There are various definitions of the word ready. One is, willing; now, I am not willing, but then I have no choice. Another is qualified; but I am uncertain as to that—that must appear after I have gone to judgment. Another is, prepared; that I am not, decidedly—there are things at home that want looking after before I take so long a journey, though you have pared me pretty

well, having taken all my money. And another is, prompt; now, whether I am prompt to die or not, depends entirely upon your mode of killing me."

"You are long-winded for one who has little breath to spare. If we asked you if you were ready to live, would you understand the meaning sufficiently to say yes?"

"No, I wouldn't. I was born without my consent; and I suppose I shall die so. Perhaps I was never ready to live—might not have been willing, qualified, prepared, or prompt—not perfectly. But all's one now; give me my breakfast and let me go dine in heaven."

Old Tilly's remarks so amused the robbers, that on his oath not to inform against them, they gave him a portion of his money back and let him go—not to heaven, but where else he pleased.

This story of his being so near heaven, and taking it so easy, might have been doubted, had it not been characteristic of the non-chalance of Old Tilly, whose descendants to this day preserve a wishbone, taken from a fowl which the robbers set before him at his forest breakfast—and it is cherished as a confirmation of their jolly old ancestor's story.

Some years after that adventure, and when the good-humoured philosophy of Old Tilly had become proverbial, he was absent from home for several months, leaving an extensive farm of his in charge of a man, who, for some or no reason, neglected to have it planted. The consequence was, no harvest; and on his return he found it was at a loss of several hundred pounds to him.

Sympathizers crowded about him, and pointed at the barren fields, deploring.

"The ground will be the stronger next year for it," said he.

"But that won't repair your loss."

"It will incline that way; but so much as it tends to scarcity this year, it will tend to raise prices next year. So that I see two chances, to begin with."

"And what others, in the name of patience?"

"Well—others will raise less next year, than if their grounds had rested this year; that will tend to help me also."

"See anything more?"

"Yes; I shall pay extra attention to my grounds, to retrieve loss as far as I can."

"And then what?"

"I have learned a valuable lesson—not to trust too much to the fidelity of an agent."

"Quite a crop of blessings! Any other?"

"My loss is somebody's gain, this year."

"Some more, if you please."

"Plenty. I have saved the man's wages, and the wear and tear of animals, and tools; it is a lesson to bear disappointment; a lesson to appreciate the goodness of God when I do have a harvest; and finally, it was the will of God—and so must be for the best, anyhow! I am satisfied, if you are."

"Well, we are; for a man of such a sugary nature as you can

afford to laugh at all misfortune; all you have to do next year, after planting, is to sit down and just look at your grounds, and you can coax the harvest up, a month in advance."

But Old Tilly preferred to cultivate in the regular way, and was abundantly rewarded; though, as cold weather came on, he was visited by another calamity. His fine old mansion caught fire, and was entirely destroyed with all its contents.

It is not asserted that Old Tilly went into convulsions of laughter at this affliction, as he walked around among the black ashes of what he had valued dearly; but it is said that after calmly lighting his pipe at one of the embers, his first remark was, "I never did like the style of that house."

"Do you think the fire has improved it any?"

"Not much; but it has left room for improvements."

"Going to build a new one in its place?"

"The carpenters are, and that will make an excellent job for them. Mechanics must live, else what's the good of having a fire?"

"What good, indeed! Are you insured?"

"No; and that saves the insurance-offices."

"That must be a great consolation to you?"

"No; it is some, but not much. The principal gratification I have, after a due consideration of this event, springs from the following sources: If this fire was set, it is one more crime added to some rogue's calendar, and may hasten him to his rope's end, and a hotter fire than he has any calculation of; it will probably satisfy his enmity, and prevent any further spite against me; it might have been much worse; he might have burned my barns, too; no lives have been lost—a fact of considerable importance to all who did not lose their lives at this fire—but they don't appreciate it; this bonfire teaches me to guard against fire in the future; and how much greater the blow would be, if the old house had been the new house, which I am going to build; it is a lesson to all to have their property insured, and so may in time save many a man from ruin; with my new house, I shall get new furniture, and be more cheerfully surrounded; to repair my loss I shall be less indolent, for I have been thinking, a long time, that I was getting lazy; with more exercise I shall be more healthy; I shall set an example of industry, and employ the industries; and, as I intend to introduce all the modern improvements, I shall help encourage the authors of new inventions; even these ashes will be useful as manure, and you may have the lot, if you will cart it away. How true it is, as the Bible happily remarks, 'Old things shall pass away, and all things shall become new!'

While superintending the building of the new house, a heavy timber fell and mangled both of his legs so that he was told there was danger of losing them.

Amid groans and ghastly smiles, said Old Tilly, "A lesson in surgery, then—oh, a little brandy; with no legs, shan't waste time, and get cold, by morning walks, as I have done—ah! make it a little stiffer, oh!—more chance of reflection—dear me!—greater

vitality in my remaining bodily parts—ah!—add a little sugar—oh!—shall ride more, and save shoes—ah!—squeeze in a little lemon—bless my soul!—help crutch and leg-makers—oh!—a little of lemon, and not a whole little lemon, I mean—ah!—no expense for balls and dancing after this—my patience! can I stand it?—hurry up the punch—shall cultivate humility in myself—stir it—and compassion in others—now the hot water—oh!—shall move slowly, and the world is too much in haste—ah!—grate on a little nutmeg—and the lesson of dependence upon others—ah!—I liked the way you mixed that punch—should be taught to all—oh!—revives me directly—none are independent—see if the other surgeon has come—light me a cigar—oh!—feel much easier!"

His ease was much increased after a surgical inspection. No bones were broken or fractured, and his philosophy was rewarded by recovery in due time.

"You take adversities very lightly!" said a misanthropic acquaintance. "Are you aware, sir, that to laugh at misfortunes is a sin against heaven?"

"It depends on whom they happen to, I suppose. We have a right to laugh at our own troubles!"

"No, sir, we have not. The evils which come upon us are punishments for our sins, and not intended to be laughed at, but as warnings for us to do better. Now, if you keep on taking things so easy, you will surely provoke still greater punishments, till you are brought to a proper sense of your sinful condition. I advise you to bear all afflictions with a respectful unselfishness and considerate gloom. Now, when you treated the expected loss of your legs so lightly, I shouldn't have been surprised if you had lost them in reality."

"Nor I either," said Old Tilly, twirling gaily about; "for I supposed I should lose them; and if I had grumbled, I should have been sure to."

"Sir, this levity is unbecoming in a man who has both legs mashed, and saved by a miracle."

"Well, then, pray for me: and as I don't feel very unhappy about it, I will let you do the mourning."

"Something dreadful will happen to you."

"I can wait, but I won't worry for it."

Shortly after, bank failed, by which he was minus some hundreds, and he was reminded of the prophecy.

"I hope now," said his croaking neighbour, "that you will receive this stroke with due seriousness of spirit, and cover yourself with humility, as with a garment."

"Why? I can afford to lose it better than others can afford to be dishonest, and loss good name and, perhaps, soul, too. If they are not dishonest, but honestly unfortunate, they have had the use of my money, and I am glad it has done some good. What is the use of money unless distributed?" And when distributed it pays honest labour, in some direction; so it benefits others, and lays up a treasure in heaven for me, as the instrument of good. I shall learn caution, and increased effort, as I always do from losses; and be blessed in proportion to my perseverance and charity."

"Such a hard-hearted cheerfulness! I never met with," said his reproachful counsellor. "I shouldn't wonder if you should be struck by lightning."

Instead of this, the bank recovered from its disaster, and soon resumed payments.

The cholera, however, came along, on one of its periodical tours, and in the course of its ruthless visitations, made a snap at the bowels of Old Tilly. He was told that it had a fatal hold upon him.

"If that's the case, I can't live," sighed the sufferer. "I am in great pain, but I have always made it a rule—if I can't be easy, I'll be as easy as I can. All must have a share of sickness; I have been very healthy, and perhaps unappreciative—free from most bodily ill, including toothache, corns, dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, fevers, headache, and so forth; been young all my life. Cholera kills quick, and it will be soon over; and I shall make room for others. We can't expect to live for ever; it would over-crowd the world, and be hogtis to beginners; and heaven is much preferable, according to all accounts."

The cholera found that it had got hold of the wrong customer, and Old Tilly did not die at that time. Instead of mounting the Pale Horse, he recovered, and was beguiled into the purchase of a costly racehorse; which, unfortunately, took a sudden sickness, and became a dead loss to him.

"Ah!" said Old Tilly, as with moist eyes he gazed upon the lifeless body of the noble animal; "you have run your last course, and will be whipped and overstrained no more. I might have ruined myself by unfortunate bets, if you had lived; or learned to rejoice at the losses of others; creating misery, envy, enmity, and encouraging dissipation, and the ruin of young people, who get horse on the brain, and become dazzled by a lazy life. You cannot now divert my attention from calm pursuits of solid usefulness to all; excitement is unnatural for a steady diet; hurricanes may be of service, once in a while; but gentle rains and moderate breezes for the regular purposes of life."

At one period of his easy experiences in adversity, he was startled by the report that his wife and children had met with a shocking death—all blown up in a steamboat together.

"There!" said he, folding his hands with a smile of resignation, over his stomach; "it is all that was wanting to make me perfectly willing to die. I have enjoyed life so well, that I was reluctant to change it, even for paradise. I feared, also, to leave them behind. Now, they are safe; and though I may not be buried with them, it will be a comfort to leave my property to the poor."

But his family were not blown up. His wife came home, and, hearing of his complicity, she blew him up; but he took it easy, of course.

And such, dear reader, are some examples of the character of that sunny-minded man, who gave wings to the proverb of "Easy as Old Tilly." Oh, that that nature, which was his comfort from first to last, might spread with the proverb, and abide in the souls of all who hear it; so that they might feel and be like him—like some flower, smiling and fragrant till it perishes—like some oak, stanch and moveless, through years of cloud and storm; though torn by wild blasts, green and cheery still; each new assault serving to scatter the acorns of its example, to renew the model; and when the tornado, or the lightning-stroke of death, uproots or withers it at last, leaving saplings springing at its base, to repeat its existence, and show where and what it was.

THE GREATER HERO.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

"My dear friend, I congratulate you. The fact of your engagement—"

I was going on very prettily, I thought, after the manner of letter-writers, and other nonsensical forms of speech, when Elsie Gray interrupted me.

"I hate facts."

My pretty congratulations were all shivered to atoms by her words and tone.

"But your engagement is a fact," I ventured.

"Well, I hate that, too."

A great calm succeeded that declaration. Elsie stood pale and defiant. All the pent-up misery of weeks had flashed out in that single exclamation, and startled me by its signs of coming danger. I was like one who gazes on the blue sky and the unveiled sun, and is appalled to hear the thunder's peal from a pending cloud, before unseen.

I broke the painful silence by suggesting that she would break her engagement.

"Assuredly not," she answered. "My father would grieve silently, my mother would chide hysterically, my betrothed would

reproach wrathfully, the world would gossip illimitably, and *cui bono?* It is the duty of all women to marry. Especially is it the duty of the eldest daughters of large families. It is their birthright. To me, it signifies little, so long as my husband is not unrefined or immoral. George Hackett is neither."

I remonstrated. Refinement and morality her husband certainly must have, but I had seen scores of men who possessed both, and would not make Elsie Gray a happy wife. Hers was an organism finely strung, a heart attuned to sweetest harmonies; but any save a skillful hand with a delicate and thorough appreciation would turn the music of her life into the wildest jargon.

She paid no heed. She said it did not signify. Life at the best was the miserere, not a ball.

I answered that the miserere sung in unison by loving hearts was tenfold sweeter than the gayest ballad sung by discordant voices. Then we relapsed into silence. Elsie Gray gazed out of the window with a dreamy look of pain in her deep hazel eye, and Corinne lost its interest while I studied her Madonna face. Standing there, she was a pretty picture of a Mater Dolorosa. She looked like one whose life had failed in some expected joy. Such faces catch their looks from fallen hopes low buried in the heart. What ghost of departed bliss haunted her present peace? Vainly I strove to guess.

Lifelessly turning over the leaves of Corinne, some withered leaves and flowers fluttered out, and with them fluttered out a secret. The mementoes bore the date, June 1, 1862. Ah! remembered. We were at a picnic, and Elsie Gray had wandered off with a tall, dark gentleman, and returned to Holly Hedge long after us. I found his name in the front of the volume I was reading—Gregory Burnham." I turned to Elsie.

"Whatever became of Kate Allison's cousin, who used to call on you occasionally?"

"Kate has a score of cousins," was the evasive reply.

"But this one was a tall, awkward person, with great staring black eyes, and hair like an Indian's. He had an outlandish name, too, and was brigandish altogether," I answered.

Elsie Gray's pale cheek flushed, and an angry flush shot up suddenly in her eye, changing the Mater Dolorosa to an angry Niobe. I knew she understood me, but she replied quite indifferently.

"I am sure I have no recollections of such an individual."

"His name was of heathenish or Polish origin," I exclaimed.

"We called him Pope Gregory the Last." "Oh, I have it now. Gregory Burnham! What ever became of him?"

"Gregory Burnham was a splendid-looking man, not in the least awkward or uncouth," was the spirited response. "He had the finest eyes I ever saw, and I like his name. It has much more character than Charlie and Eddie and Willie, with their babyish terminations, suggestive of pinfors and playthings."

I smiled at her vehemence, and demanded again, "Whatever became of him?"

"He is in the army," she replied, with a voice that strove in vain to be steady.

I knew now why she looked over the lists of killed and wounded with such eager, fearful eyes.

"I always thought him possessed of pugilistic proclivities," I answered, coldly.

Elsie's eyes shot out flame, but she did not speak.

"He is a brigadier-general, I presume?" was my next sarcastic suggestion.

"No; a captain," was her reply.

"Only a captain?" I echoed.

"Your adverb is misplaced," she answered, proudly. "Were he only a private, he would be a patriot and worthy of the highest honour."

I was learning all I wished to know, and continued, with a view to further knowledge, "Facts prove—"

She cut me short.

"As I have said before, I hate facts. All I know are disagreeable."

I proceeded to recapitulate some of the disagreeable facts that I had learned during that conversation.

"Your engagement is one; Gregory Burnham's absence is another; your indifference to George Hackett is a third, and your love for Gregory Burnham a fourth. From my heart I pity you, Elsie Gray."

In a moment she was in my arms, sobbing like a child.

"It is dreadful—oh, so dreadful!" she moaned. "It is so much worse than dying and being at rest for ever."

"How did it come about?" I questioned.

"Oh, so easy," she murmured. "You can make a mistake in a minute that a lifetime cannot rectify. My first season in society well-nigh spoiled me. I was very fond of adulation, but I never loved any one but Gregory Burnham. I was standing with him at a party one evening when my shrewd mother came to me and said, 'I wish to bring George Hackett to you. He is a fine gentleman, of excellent family, and immense wealth. With your extravagant tastes, you should cultivate association with such.' She designed this for Gregory Burnham's ear, for he was not wealthy, and mamma had his influence over me. It had the desired effect, and stung him severely. He begged to see me alone, and I answered that I desired to make George Hackett's acquaintance first. He replied very gravely, 'Elsie Gray, you know full well what I wish to tell you. If the earnest plea of a friend who is not content with friendship is less to you than the words of a stranger, that friend had better be content with less than friendship.'

"I should have known his mood would not be trifled with; but I was willful, and replied that he must wait my convenience. I preferred to hear a stranger at that time. He bowed so coldly, and went away. I thought he would return, but I have never seen him since. He inherited his grandfather's estate soon after, and pride forbade that I should make a step toward reconciliation. Then George Hackett sued for my hand, and I was influenced to its acceptance. He is a good man, and a noble, but I do not love him. I shall take the oath of allegiance, and be in heart a rebel."

"Be it never like the oath," I answered.

"*Cui bono?*" she asked, in a hopeless way. "It is my own trouble now. If I fail to keep my troth, the trouble will be others."

A footstep on the porch arrested us, and, gazing on the inky blackness of the night, I dimly descried a man's form slowly walking down the gravelled path. An hour later, a gentleman brushed by me in the hall and ascended the stairs with hasty steps. A friend accosted him on the landing. "Why, Hackett, I think you have been caught in the shower?"

What had he heard? That question filled me with vague fears, but the warning reassured me. He met Elsie Gray as was his wont, and begged me to be bridesmaid when he married her.

"Will my services be needed soon?" I asked.

"I regret the negative reply," he answered; "but a voyage to Europe may be necessary before I wed."

He sailed soon after, and was gone a year. The day of his return, I was sitting with Elsie Gray, when a servant entered with the daily paper. It was after the capture of Richmond, and Elsie took it with an eager, trembling hand. I knew that in the casualties she had come to a familiar name, from the pallor that overspread her face while she read. She pointed to it, and read, silently, "Colonel Gregory Burnham, missing."

The arrivals caught my eye, and a weary sigh escaped her lips as I pointed out the other name interwoven in her life, "George Hackett."

A few weeks later she said to me, as I joined her at an open window, "I have promised George Hackett to become his wife next month. He has been kind, and I cannot ask a longer delay."

"What are you doing?" he asked, for he was at our side.

"Star-gazing," answered Elsie, evasively.

"Heavenly or earthly, planetary or military," inquired George Hackett. "Are your stars in either or in clover?" He was looking at a gentleman with a celestial star upon his shoulders, and a glad light overspread her face. I trembled as I saw her meet the officer. Such looks of gladness had no right to shine for any man save her betrothed. But a brief minute of forgetfulness, and Elsie's eyes turned to George Hackett. The light died out of her beaming face, and she crossed to where he stood.

"Are you ready to fulfil your engagement?" he asked.

"I am ready and will do my duty, with the help of heaven," was the humble answer.

George Hackett took her hand. "Elsie Gray, you would die in doing such an unloving duty. I will not demand the sacrifice. Long ago, I heard a confession that revealed your love for another. I gave you up that night, and left you for a time, until the man you love should prove himself worthy. I returned and found him missing. I went, myself, to the army, and found him suffering in a hospital. He had fallen in the heat of action, and, becoming separated from his command, was reported missing. He is here, a brave man, deserving a reward. Elsie Gray, he waits for you. Colonel Burnham, she is yours. Heaven bound you by the tie of love are human words bound us—and what heaven hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Brave men! Coloeel Burnham came out of the battle with a stricken arm, but George Hackett came out of a worse conflict with stricken hopes. The former will be written among heroes, but according to inspiration, "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh it."

CAREER OF THE MURDERER FORWARD.

[From the *Glasgow Herald*.]

THE public interest which is felt in anything relating to the perpetrator of the Holborn and Bensgate tragedies has induced us to make inquiries in the city with a view to throw some light upon the career of Forward, or Southey, as he preferred to call himself, while he resided in Glasgow. So far as we can ascertain, he came to the city in 1858, and shortly afterwards became connected, as marker, with a billiard establishment, which was then situated in Glassford-street. For a time, at least, his behaviour does not appear to have been of such a nature as to gain for him the unpleasant attentions of those with whom he came in contact; on the contrary, he would seem to have created rather a favourable impression by the general suavity of manner which he displayed. He is spoken of as a man about the average height, wearing bushy whiskers, and with a gentlemanly appearance, which he endeavoured to keep up by a studious attention to dress. As his means were limited while he remained in Glasgow, he was not successful in making it appear that his wardrobe was very liberally furnished, but a well-brushed hat and similar little evidences of a desire to make the most of what he had were characteristic of the man's attention to externals. He was well educated, and represented that he was in the habit of reading works in the higher departments of literature; and, as it to show that vanity was a ruling feature in his character, he remarked on one occasion that there was no proper society in Glasgow for a person of his attainments. If report speaks truly his morals were not of the strictest kind; indeed, his amours in certain quarters are said to have been well known to those who were most intimately acquainted with him. He was not communicative; so far as we can learn, regarding his previous history. Vague hints he did at times let fall about his follies or misfortunes, and the loss of money having compelled him to adopt the calling of a billiard-marker, "in order to obtain an honest livelihood," as he himself once put it, but beyond these allusions he preserved what was doubtless a judicious reticence. He was not at all fond of drink, we are assured, and this abstinence to a great extent from the use of stimulants enabled him the better to keep his own counsel. His temperance was not altogether a matter of necessity, in the sense that because of his poverty he could not get liquor, because he has been known to exhibit a positive aversion to anything like indulgence. A person who knew him intimately while in Glasgow gave his opinion on this point in the emphatic form that "the man couldn't drink," while another, who for some months saw him almost daily, says he thought Southey (the name by which he was known in Glasgow) "too cool and sharp a fellow ever to get drunk." He was of rather a gloomy temperament, even at this time, and often lamented his hard fate in being compelled to remain a billiard-marker, so that he came to be looked upon as "an unhappy sort of fellow, who always wished to be better off than he was." He pushed about in various directions, we are informed, to eke out a living of a kind to satisfy his genteel aspirations, and at one time had a commission upon any sales of wines which he could effect in this city on behalf of a person engaged in the trade, attending meanwhile to his ordinary work in the billiard-room.

Thus he struggled on for some months, always managing to keep his head above water, but not making progress enough to satisfy a person of his ambitious longings. Towards the end of 1858 he turned up in a billiard room in Trongate, and here he remained, although latterly the business was carried on under a different proprietor, till the month of August, 1859. He was better known by this time, and although still following out his old calling of a billiard marker, he managed at times to do a little business at the table on his own account. Glasgow, however, was not so fruitful in wealthy antagonists as the scenes of his later adventures would appear to have been, and his pickings do not appear to have been of a very heavy description. It is just to say that his employers in Glasgow occur in giving him a high character while he remained in their service, and are not aware that he was in the habit of taking advantage of those who were unskillful in the game. But those who knew him best while removed from managerial supervision speak of him as accustomed, when this could be done with safety, to lure the unwary by disguising his accomplishment at billiards until the stroke was sufficiently important to justify the exercise of his powers. After leaving the establishment at Trongate, he would appear to have gone to another house of the same description farther west. A considerable interval must have elapsed between the date of his leaving the one and joining the other establishment, during which we have not been able to trace his movements, because he only held the latter situation for some six months, and is said to have left the city for London shortly after quitting it towards the end of 1862. He has himself told the story of his life subsequent to that period.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—The following letter appears in the *New York Times* of August 2:—"To the Editor of the *New York Times*.—Grateful for past favours at your hands, we beg again to trespass upon your kindness and liberality. Our names are not entirely unknown to the American public. In former years we were received everywhere with flattering and substantial compliments, and after several most successful tours through the cities of the United States, we retired to the privacy of our country home, where we had hoped to spend the remainder of our days in the quiet enjoyment of domestic felicity, blessed as we then were with ample fortunes for ourselves and our families. But time has wrought a sad change. The ravages of civil war have swept away our fortunes and we are again forced to appear in public. Remembering, as we do, with the profoundest gratitude, the liberality of our adopted country, we have arranged to appear on public exhibition in the Northern cities, commencing early in August next, accompanied by several of our children, and we shall hope to meet then thousands of our old friends of long since. With sincere regard, we subscribe ourselves your obedient servants, HANG and ENG, Siamese Twins, Surrey County, N.C., July 25, 1865."

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